

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

17th Year. No. 28.

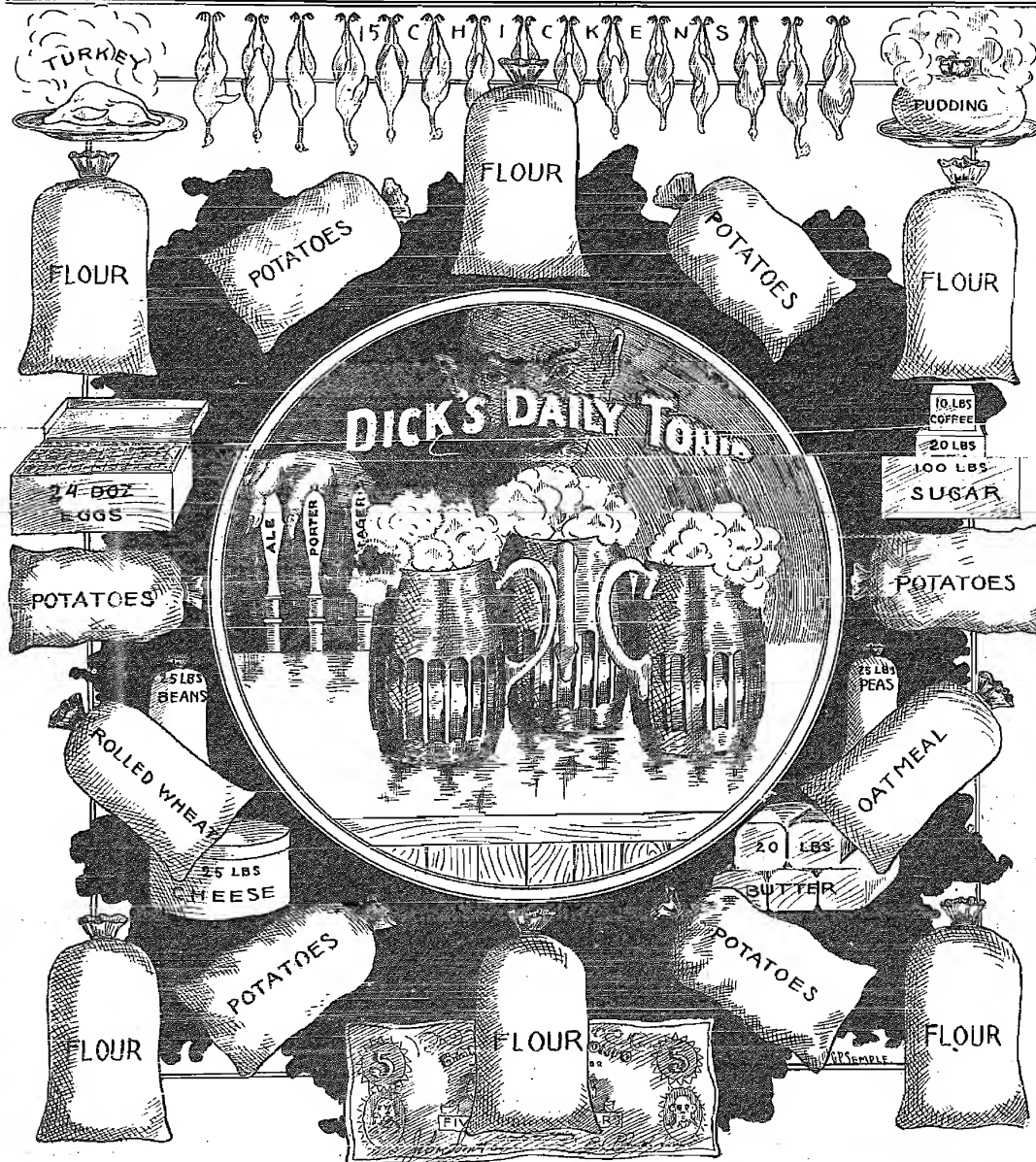
WILLIAM BOOTH

TORONTO, APRIL 13, 1901.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,

Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



A LESSON IN ARITHMETIC.

(See article on p. 5.)

Re ADIT BARR Klondike.

— Literally A10 Tobacco.

On three different occasions our hero remembers having been dealt with by the Spirit of God. The first time was when a mere lad, and had there been someone to have led him into the light at that time, life for him might have been altogether different. Unfortunately for him, that individual was not to hand, and years of sin and sorrow had to wait before any such desire was

— **Mr. Thompson.** —

and there. The impression was so strong that he thought he would have

ONWARD AND UPWARD

High the mountains, rough the valleys;
Cold the deserts, fierce the seas;
Dark and dread the lonely garden—
Can'st thou go with Him through

Would'st thou follow even still?
But the way the Master trod
Leads past Calvary—leads triumphant

Hope her radiant wings outstretches,
Points beyond the mountain height,
Past the tomb, into the glory

Though the road be hard, press for

Through His all-sufficient grace ;
Onward ! upward ! till victorious
You beheld Him face to face !

Re Express Charges on Trade Orders.

IT appears that a number of our friends are not quite certain on this point; we therefore insert again the notice which appeared in the War Cry for issues dated April 28th and May 5th of last year, to wit:—

"NEARLY ALL GOODS HAVE MATERIALLY
ADVANCED IN PRICE, AND THEREFORE WE
ARE COMPELLED TO STOP SENDING GOODS
EXPRESS PREPAID. KINDLY NOTE THAT
IN FUTURE ORDERS WILL BE SENT

**EXPRESS COLLECT,
WHILE POSTAGE TO COVER THE CARRIAGE
SHOULD ACCOMPANY ALL SMALL ORDERS
TO BE SENT BY MAIL."**

JNO. M. C. HORN, Major,

Trade Secret:

NOTES FROM LONDON.

The T. F. S.—Major McWilliam Conducts J.S.
Demonstration—Staff-Capt. Cowan
Farewells—Mrs. Wakefield
Improving.

Two nights this week we had with us Ensign Hoddinott. On Thursday night his lantern service, entitled, "The Station-Master," was listened to by an appreciative audience. "The best yet" was the verdict.

held Friday and Saturday, owing to the illness of Adj. Wakafield, Lieutenant Kitchen led the meetings.

Sunday, Major and Mrs. McMillan and Staff-Capt. Rawling came to our assistance, and good meetings were the result. In the afternoon the instructors took the platform and the members part very creditably. J. S. B.-M. Pinnell spoke of the work, and testified to the fact that he had found grace sufficient in every trying hour. Corps-Cadet Willie Wakafield and Willie McMillan sang "When the old demjohn is gone." The Major then spoke a few earnest words on behalf of the Juniors and workers, urging all to pray and work for the salvation of the children. God bless

Sunday night it had been announced as the farewell meeting of Staff-Capt. Cowan, of the Rescue Home. We were pleased to see an increase in the attendance. The Staff-Captain, in a few minutes, reviewed her sojourn in London, having been here three times—once in the corps, then to open the Rescue work, and again to take charge of the Rescue Home; so London is

It was while stationed at the corps that she was put in jail, with others, for marching the streets and playing the drum; but, glory to God! they kept saved through it all, and their persecution only raised up friends for the Army, and caused many to see themselves as they really were in the sight of God. The Staff-Captain will be missed, not only in the Rescue Work, but in the corps, where her speaking and singing has been a blessing to many. May God bless and guide

Mrs. Wakefield is improving slowly, and is still in need of the prayers of

Reef-fish and the Dutchman

A young lady asked a butcher for a dollar towards paying for a temperance lecture. She didn't expect to get it, but the butcher said: "There's your dollar, I've sold more meat in one day since this town went 'no license' than I used to in a whole week when

Picked Up.

The Little Girl was Shocked.

A missionary in China writes: "When the first party of missionaries, in escaping from Hionan, had reached the sea-coast, and had gone aboard a Japanese steamer, one of the little girls in the party was very much surprised and shocked in seeing a man dressed in foreign clothes with a cigarette in his mouth. Running up to her mother, she said: 'Oh, mamma, there's a man that believes in the true God, and he is smoking.'"

A Skeptic Converted.

Years ago there was in a certain village a young physician who served to be a confirmed epileptic. At last, to the surprise of good people, he presented himself to the church committee as a candidate for church membership, and when asked what called his attention to the personal clinics of Christ, he answered, "For years I have sat by my office window, and every evening, in storm and fair weather, I have seen good Deacons Q— and P— walk past to the church prayer meeting, and their constant 'going' made me think."

It was not what they said, for he had not heard them say anything, but it was their "keeping at it" which shattered the indolence of his heart.—

A RETROSPECT

(Chicago Daily Herald)

There he goes reeling, and ever-
more reels before him. The fences
reel, the sidewalks reel. He looks at
the moon, and she goes reeling through
the sky. The stars reel with the
reeling moon; the Great Dipper be-
comes upturned, and to this reeling
man out-pours a myriad of reeling,

He reaches home and falls into a reeling chair, the only one in the room. "Good night, Yeh!" A snore now. And the lamp burns low: 'It's out now. And the fire burns down—the many flames to a few, the few to one, the one to an uncerain flicker, a flicker that, in charity, traced pictures on the pictureless wall. The flicker fell to a spark. A moment— a spark has gone; darkness. And the room is very, the most empty, and the reeling man is no more, for he is snoring. When he awoke the sun was high, and Sunday morning in Gueph of seventeen years ago was well-advanced. And he heard drums and cornets, and singing, and shouting. His touzue was as hard as one of the boards in the reeling sidewalk of the night before. Someone said: "Here!"

He followed them, and they smote him in his spiritual solar plexus, and he turned from a reeling man to a kneeling man.

There are no reeling sidewalks, no reeling moons, and upturned Great Dippers now for him; no dying flames sketching on bare walls; no sudden

And last night, as I heard the Army
in front of the Post Office someone
read :

“Bring Him thy sorrows,
Bring Him thy tears,
Bring Him thy heartaches.
Bring Him thy fears :

And tell Him plainly
How thou dost feel ;
Jesus will pardon,
Jesus will heal."

As they sang, as the drum spoke, as the banjo jingled, I thought of the home as it was, and as it is, and the music seemed doubly sweet.



As the old man to the tired being sleep. And saw a man in a road his face was pale as in his bundle strapped that he reading from and trembled "What must home, but to his wife and he silent lay upon him. them, saying you, my bed den is upon that this city from heaven ish unless s we can escape much distress that what he because they out of his bed and gave But the night him as the



The Man S

ked Up.

Girl was Shocked.]

y in China writes:
a party of missionaries,
in Houn, had reached
and had gone aboard a
steamer, one of the little
city was very much sur-
prised in seeing a man
reign clothes with a
a month. Running up
she said: "Oh, mamma,
what a smocking in the true
a smocking!"

ptic Converted.

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g physician who seemed
ned good. At last, to
of kept people, he pre-
to the church com-
municate for church mem-
bers when asked what called
to the personal claims of
answered, "For years I
office window, and each
in storm and calm
have seen good Deacons
walk past to the
meeting, and their com-
mand me think."
what they said, for he
ard them say anything,
ke "keeping at it" which
fidelity of his heart—

RETROSPECT.

h Daily Herald.)

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things, not as far as that
teen years ago last Sat-

reels, and every-
before him. The fenc-
swalks reel. He looks at
d she goes reeling through
the stars reel with the
; the Great Dipper be-
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teers.

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ad the fire burns down-
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reeling sidewalk of the
Someone said:

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bare walls; no sudden-
and crying in his house
saved yet.

ht, as I heard the Army
he Post Office someone

in thy sorrows,
Tim thy tears,
in thy heartaches,
Tim thy fears:
Tim plainly
him dost feel;
I pardon,
will heal."

s, as the drum spoke, as
gled, I thought of the
s, and as it is, and the
doubly sweet.



PILGRIM'S PROGRESS A SALVATION ARMY VERSION.

By CAPTAIN COPPERFIELD.

CHAPTER I

AS I walked through the streets of a certain city, I came to a Night Shelter, and, being tired, turned in there to sleep. And as I slept I dreamt that I saw a man in ragged clothes, standing in a road leading to the country. His face was from his own home, a book was in his hand, and there was a large bundle strapped upon his back. I noticed that he opened the book, and was reading from it, and as he read he wept and trembled. Then he cried out aloud, "What must I do to be saved?"

In his distress he afterwards went home, but tried to hide his feelings from his wife and children. But he could not be silent long, for conviction of sin was upon him. So at length he spoke to them, saying, "Oh, my dear wife, and you, my beloved children, a great burden is upon my heart since I have learnt that this city is to be destroyed by fire from heaven, and that we shall all perish unless some way be found by which we can escape." Then were his family much distressed. Not that they believed that what he said to them was true, but because they thought that he was going out of his mind. So they got him to bed and gave him some anti-bilious pills. But the night was as troublesome to him as the day.

So could not sleep so spent it in thinking of his dangerous state, and in weeping. When morning came they asked him how he felt. "Worse and worse," was his reply. Then he began to talk to them again, but they would not listen. Sometimes they would chide him, sometimes laugh and mock. Then they would neglect him altogether. So he spent the greater part of his time by himself: sometimes reading from his book, sometimes praying, and weeping while he prayed.

Now I saw, in my dream, that he was walking along a country road, reading, and soon another man came, and as he read he cried out as he had done before, "What must I do to be saved?"

I saw also that he came to a cross-road, and looked at it he wished to run away, but did not know which road to take. Just then it was that a man, named Salvationist, came up and said, "My brother, what is the matter with you?"

He answered, "Captain, I see by your book in your hand that I am already condemned to die, and over that to come to judgement; and I find that I am not willing to do the first, nor able to do the second."

Thus said Salvationist, "Why not willing to die, since you have so many troubles to contend with?"

The man answered, "Because I fear to cross the swinging of Jordan with this burden on my back. I am not fit to go to judgement, nor willing to go to hell."

Then said Salvationist, "If this is your experience, why do you stand still?"

He answered, "Because no man has told me which way to go."



The Man Setting Out on His Pilgrimage.

Then he gave him a War Cry, and there was pointed within, "Hasten, sinners! Hasten, sinners, seek the narrow way." The man, therefore, read it, and replied, "Where must I hasten to?"

Then said Salvationist (pointing with his finger), "Do you see yonder setting sun?"

He said, "I think I do."

"Then," continued he, "follow that light until you come to a gate, at which you must knock. You shall then be told what next you are to do."

So I saw, in my dream, that the man began to run, but he had not gone far before his wife and children began to cry after him to return. But he wisely put his fingers in his ears, and ran on, crying, "Life, life, eternal life!" So he looked not behind him, but fled toward the middle of the plain.

Some neighbors also saw him run, and, as he ran, some mocked, some threatened, and others cried after him to return. Amongst those who did so were two who resolved to fetch him back. One was named Obstacle, and the other Pliable. So they both ran and overtook



"If I ever get out, you can go to Heaven and have my crown as well as yours."

him. Then said the man, "Neighbors, why have you come?"

They said, "To persuade you to go back with us."

But he said, "That can be by no means be. We have all lived in the City of Destruction too long. It will be destroyed with fire and brimstone. You had better come along with me."

"What!" said Obstacle, "leave all our mates, and all our pleasures behind. Never to sit down in the Jolly Devil's again, enjoying a glass of beer and pipe of tobacco?"

"Yes," said Pilgrim (for that was his name), "because all that you forsake is name, because all that you forsake is name, not to be compared with what I have, and a crown of glory. Read about it, if you like, in my book."

"Both the book?" said Obstacle, "will you go back with us, or not?"

"No," said Pilgrim, "I have put my hand to the plough, so will not turn back."

"Come, then, Pliable," said Obstacle, "let us return without him. When a man gets excited about religion he becomes a fool, and will not listen to reason."

Then said Pliable, "Don't curse him. If what he says is true, the things he is going after are better than those that we have, or will ever get. I have a mind to go with him."

So I saw, in my dream, that Obstacle returned in disgust, and that Pilgrim and Pliable walked along together, and as they went, the former told his companion of what he had read in his book concerning the glories of heaven, and how that there would be no night there, nor sickness, nor poverty. So Pliable was delighted with what he was told, and suggested that they should walk a little faster, so as to be there the sooner.

"I cannot go so fast as I would wish," said Obstacle, "on account of this burden on my back."

"I am glad that I have none on mine," said Pliable.

Now, I saw, in my dream, that just as they had ended this talk they drew near a strip of morass, and, not noticing it, they both fell into the soft mud, and got bogged. The name of this place was Devil's Discouragement. Here therefore they wallowed for a time, and Pliable was the first to speak. "Is this the place that you were telling me of?" said he. "If I ever get out, you can go to Heaven and have my crown as well as your own," said he. Then he made a desperate effort to get out on the side nearest his home, and, having succeeded, hurried back.

Left Alone

So Pilgrim was left alone in Devil's Discouragement, and might have stuck fast had not Mr. Social Scheme come for his assistance. Never was a hand more acceptable, than the hand that helped him out.

"How did you get here," asked he. "Please sir," said Pilgrim, "I was bid to go up to yonder gate by a man called Salvationist, so that I might escape the wrath to come, and as I was going, I fell in here."

Then I stepped up to him who plucked him out, and asked him why, since over this place is the way from the city of Destruction to the Sinners' Gate, is it that this morass is not mended or dried up. And he replied, "This is where the scum and filth that attend conviction for sin continually run. For as the sinner is awakened about his lost condition,

there arises in his soul many fears and doubts, which get together and settle in this place and make a morass. It is not the desire of the King that it should remain as it is. For hundreds of years His laborers have been employed trying to mend this very place, but with little or no success. Cartloads of instruction, baskets of warnings have been thrown in, but to no purpose, for it is as soft to-day as ever, and as dangerous. So they call it Devil's Discouragement."

And then he went on to say how that there were really some steps leading through the very midst of the morass, but that travelers seldom noticed them, since they are often covered with water.

Now I saw in my dream that by this time Pliable got home to his house. So his neighbors came to visit him, and most of them called him a wise man for coming back; others again said that as he had started he should have continued and not have left Pilgrim in distress in such a cowardly manner. So Pliable was shamed a bit, but as the days passed, by he got more confidence, and his adventure was forgotten. So he

Lived and Died in the City of Destruction.

Now as Pilgrim was walking alone by himself, he saw one coming to meet him, and they chanced to meet as they were crossing two paths. The name of this gentleman was Mr. Public Opinion, and he dwelt in the town of Respectability, which was not very far from Pilgrim's birthplace.

This man, then, meeting with Pilgrim, and having heard about him—for his neglect and desertion of his wife and family had been published in the newspapers—thought he would give him a little bit of friendly advice.

"Where are you going and why do you look so troubled?" he asked.

Pilgrim told him his story.

"Will you take advice from one who is older than yourself?" asked Mr. Public Opinion.

"If it be good, I will, for I stand in

need of good counsel," said Pilgrim.

P. O. "I would advise you to get rid of the burden you have told me of. You will never be settled in mind until then. Nor can you serve God while your mind is so distracted."

PIL. "This is what I want. But I cannot take it off myself, nor is there anyone in my city who can do it. Therefore I am going this way, as I told you, to be rid of my burden."

P. O. "Who told you to go this way?"

PIL. "A man who seemed to be a very great and honorable person, named Salvationist."

P. O. "I thought as much! There is not a more dangerous and troublesome way in the world than the one he would have you take. And that you will soon find, if you listen to him. You have met with a little already, as I can see the mud of Devil's Discouragement on your clothes. That is the beginning of sorrows that attend those who go that way. Hear me, I am better educated than you. You are likely to meet with wearisomeness, painfulness, hunger, perils, nakedness, swords, lions, devils, darkness, and even death. These things have been confirmed by many who have gone part of the way and returned. Why should a man so carefully cast away himself by giving heed to a stranger—and that stranger a fanatic?"

PIL. "Why sir, this burden upon my back is more terrible to me than are all these things which you have mentioned. In fact I care not what I may meet with in the way, so long as I may be delivered from this burden."

P. O. "How did you come by it?"

PIL. "By reading this book in my hand."

P. O. "I thought so. It has happened to you as unto others who have meddled with things too hard to be understood. They become excited and in their excitement run into greater dangers than those they flee from, to obtain they know not what."

PIL. "I know what I would obtain. It is ease from my burden."

P. O. "I could direct you to the obtaining of what you desire, without your running into any dangers, and without going very far for it. Besides, I will add, that instead of these dangers you shall meet with much safety, friendship and content."

PIL. "I would be glad if you would then dwell as a clergyman, named the Right Rev. Devil Doctrine, who devotes his whole time to deal with such cases as yours. He will read you through at a glance. He has successfully dealt with some who have been much worse than you are. To him you can go, and mention my name to him. His house is not quite a mile from here, and if he should not be at home himself, his assistant, the Rev. Smooth-tongue, can do it almost as well as the old man himself. He will ease you of your burden, and if you do not care to return to the city of Destruction, as indeed I would not advise you to do, you can send for your wife and family, for there are houses in this village standing empty, one of which you may rent at a reasonable rate. You will also find profitable work, plenty of cheap food, and what is more, friendly people who will be glad to have you dwell among them."

Now was Pilgrim a bit perplexed, but after a while he said to himself, "If this is true, I had better take the advice that has come so providentially in my way."

PIL. "Sir, which is the way to this clergyman's house?"

P. O. "Do you see yonder high hill?"

PIL. "Yes, clearly."

P. O. "Up that hill you must go, and the first house to the left is his."

(To be continued.)

When Ethan Allen's daughter lay dying, she called her father to her bedside, and said, "Dear father, I am about to cross the cold, dark river. Shall I trust to your opinions or to the teachings of dear mother?" "Trust to your mother!" said the champion of infidelity; and, covering his face with his hands, he wept like a child.

Be firm; one constant element of luck is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck. Stick to your aim; the moogrel's bold will slip.

But only crow-bars loose the bull-dog's grip. Small though he looks, the jaw that never yields.

Drags down the howling monarch of the fields.—Holmes.

Montreal Makes Merry.

Major and Mrs. Turner Received Heartily in Their New Provincial Centre.

It was with very great pleasure that we received the news of the appointment of Major and Mrs. Turner as Provincial Officers to the East Ontario Province, to succeed Brigadier and Mrs. Pagnolle.



The past faithfulness, devotion, and long service of the Major, had made us feel that he was an example in all points to those under his command.

He commenced operations in this Province by doing Saturday and Sunday meetings at Peterboro, where blessed spiritual meetings were held, in which six souls sought the Saviour.

An officers' council was the first meeting the Major conducted in Montreal. All the city officers assembled at the Rescue Home at 3 p.m. on Monday, and everyone extended a hearty welcome to the East Ontario and Quebec Province.

The Major's address was hopeful and inspiring. While dwelling on that portion of Scripture, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He hath anointed Me to preach the Gospel to the poor; He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, and to set at liberty them that are bruised," he portrayed the beauty as well as the necessity of us being baptized and possessed by God's Spirit, to heal the captives to the captives, and to set at liberty them that are bruised. The Major said he felt this was his commission, not only to write letters at Provincial Headquarters, but to do something for his fellow man in the saving of their immortal spirit.

Mrs. Turner spoke with great feeling, saying that she sincerely desired to be a sister and a helper to every officer and soldier in the Province, to comfort and cheer, where needed, and help to bear the burdens of those under their command.

A United Welcome Meeting

of friends, soldiers, and officers was held in the Alexander Street barracks. Mr. Poulter, a real stand-by of the Army, who has weathered many a storm, and stuck by the Army through thick and thin, more especially in the earlier days of the Army, when it was forced to go through persecution for the Kingdom's sake, in the Old Country, spoke a few words of welcome on behalf of the friends of the Army's operations in Montreal. Addresses of welcome from Local Officers and representatives of the different Social Institutions in the city were tendered, and Staff-Capt. Burditt spoke on behalf of the officers and soldiers of the Province who were unable to be present.

The Major replied, thanking everyone for the kind expressions of welcome extended to Mrs. Turner and himself, and said that he was not a great hand in making promises, but he would try so to live and labor that would make him worthy of the kind expressions that had been given.

He related some of the experiences that he had passed through during the many years of his service under the flag. God had been to him more than he could ever have expected, and he attributed his standing in the position he now occupied to the fact that he had a real, personal knowledge of the grace of God. He had every confidence that God, Who had helped him in the past, would stand by him in this new appointment, and make him more than a conqueror.

There was a depth of feeling in the Major's voice that convinced every-

body that he intended to carry out in the truest and strictest sense of the word, all that he had said. A number expressed themselves by saying,

"He is All Right!"

Mrs. Turner was then introduced, and she spoke on her anxiety to be what God wanted her to be, and to do all that lay in her power to help raise and revive the cause of righteousness in the Province. She heartily reciprocated all the love and kind wishes given by the comrades and friends, and she would try, by the help of the Master, to be worthy of the same.

The Major read a few verses of God's Word and presented to the people a picture of two lives. One, a life of sin, which degraded, destroyed, and at last damned; and the second, a life of righteousness, how it purified, elevated, and at last transported into a world of bliss.

The meeting then closed, and all assembled started to tender their "God bless you's" and hand-shakes of welcome to the new P. O.'s.—One who was there.

NEWFOUNDLAND'S NEW LEADERS.

Warm Welcome Extended to Major and Mrs. Smeeton.

Thursday evening, March 21st, the new P. O. arrived by the S. S. Glen from Halifax, the beautiful "white caps," madly chasing each other over the broad Atlantic, began to lose their charm, and the expectancy of meeting their comrades grew less and less until—but we charitably draw the curtain here, and proceed to the councils that followed.

The union of spirit of those present was of all in welcoming the Turners of Grace for special blessings during these sessions, and the believing faith of God came and dwelt.

At the Major's entrance, volley after volley was fired, so nearly and enthusiastically that none could have the least doubt of their genuineness. The opening song went with a swing, and before his close more than one pair of feet were engaged in rhythmic movements. The prayers of our comrades for special blessing did not pass God's hearing. He came, bless Him! and in a remarkable manner touched our hearts, drawing us closer to Himself, revealing greater possibilities, higher heights which might obtain.

The Major's introduction and reception was again most vociferous. After a few moments he succeeded in getting a hearing, and in a most concise manner made his "debut." His remarks were neat and pithy; plan after plan for greater and more desperate attacks on the enemy, he proposed and laid before us, which were dealt with in an able manner, and were eagerly listened to. His Bible reading

Was Full of Meat.

and one, as many testified, that would live long in their memories, believing it would bring forth good fruit.

In the afternoon session we had the pleasure of welcoming Mrs. Smeeton, who was feeling anything but what she desired, for as she, in her opening remarks, stated, the room seemed to be on the see-saw; and though suffering with a very bad cold contracted on the journey, with determination and spirit of "never give in," she soon won her way into the hearts of her hearers.

The afternoon was a season of blessing. Different officers spoke, welcoming the Major. Adj. Cave, Principal of Educational Department; Estlin Hiseck, Brown, and Sparks, for their respective commands; Adj. McLean, St. John's I., and Ensign Noel, Bay Roberts Training Garrison; then Capt. Welsh solemnly "Following Jesus." With a beautiful Bible reading the councils closed.

The welcome tea in the school-room was thoroughly enjoyed. Over its temptations spread tables we looked into comrades' eyes, and rejoiced in the spirit which made us free, fellow-

ship and love to each other becoming stronger, and repeated to themselves to be true to God, the Army, and the cause were given.

The night meeting in the St. John's I. Citadel was all that could be desired, and again our leaders received from soldiers and friends a right royal welcome. I have no hesitancy in affirming, after this remarkable demonstration, Major and Mrs. Smeeton have "caught on."—R. T.

ADJ. ORCHARD AND HIS S. S. TROUPE

Fifty-Nine Seek Pardon and Purity at Listowel and Wingham—Magnificent Crowds.

The Troupe had a glorious time at Listowel. Good crowds came to the barracks, although the weather was very stormy. The soldiers, and some of the young converts, faced the wind and snow and came on the march. Hallelujah! Sergt.-Major Tremblay was as happy as ever; he is always ready to testify or pray. Sinners got saved every night during our stay.

One man came in from the country, a distance of about twelve miles; he had no thought of getting saved when he came to the first meeting, but the Spirit of God strove with him, and he gave up sin and got converted.

Prayed Until 4 a.m.

A sister had been praying for her husband for eleven years. She went home on Sunday night and prayed for him until 4 o'clock Monday morning. The husband then promised to change his ways. He came to the meeting on Monday night and got gloriously saved.

Eighteen got the victory over the pillow and came to kneel-drill. We had a good spiritual breakfast in the upper room. Three came and sought God, and two soldiers under the Army colors in the afternoon, in the presence of a good crowd. At night it was still very stormy, but the barracks was packed. The crowd was said to be the largest the corps has ever while God was fought for souls until 10:40 p.m. before anyone came forward; then two men, who had never been converted before, got saved. We finished up with a glory dance.

Our two men converts came to the meeting next night and gave their testimonies. It was too hot for some of the half-hearted professors; they had to leave the building. On Monday night the barracks was well filled. Two came to the Cross. Sixty stayed for the half-night of prayer. The old devil was very mad and tried his best to upset the meeting, but he did not succeed very well inside. He tried outside, however, by knocking at the doors and rattling in the windows. In spite of the devil we had a good time, with ten at the penitent form.

Total for salvation during our stay, twenty, and eight for sanctification. Ten have promised to take their stand as soldiers. Bless God! Things are picking up at Listowel. They have a splendid lot of Juniors, too. God bless the little lambs. Capt. Ringier and Lieut. Stickle are in command. We were treated with the very essence of kindness by all. God bless Listowel.

Wingham.

The Wingham corps seems to be on the up-grade. Capt. Pye and Cadet-Lieut. Yeomans are surely leading the warriors on to victory. The Troupe left no stone unturned to get people saved. The crowds were A 1.

Sunday, at 7 a.m., twelve of us met together to wait upon the Lord, and, thank God, our spiritual strength was renewed. We were bent on having victory. Our desire was to see sinners saved and professors sanctified, and according to our faith it was done. We had a march before the holiness meeting. The brass band caused the people to look with amazement, as it had been a long time since they had heard an Army band. Four meetings in the Mercy Seat in the holiness meeting. In the afternoon a good crowd gathered around the open-air ring. Three hundred people attended the meeting in the barracks. One volunteered for salvation—a good case. At night the barracks was filled, three hundred and twenty being present.

Such a crowd had not been seen there for years. We worked, and prayed, and believed until 10:55 p.m. before anyone came to the Cross; then we had the joy of seeing

(To be continued.)

GREAT BRITAIN.

Dudley has just been the scene of a great campaign by the General. The battles were tremendous, resulting in a glorious outbreak of revival flame. One hundred and one souls sought salvation and cleansing.

Miss Catherine Booth, the Chief of the Staff's eldest daughter, recently led the Sunday night's meeting at her own corps, for the first time. Miss Catherine is a Corps-Cadet and an aggressive Salvationist.

The Chief of the Staff has just celebrated his forty-fifth birthday. The Canadian forces join in wishing him many glorious returns of the day.

Colonel Lawley is gradually gaining ground.

The Army has lost a true friend in the sudden death of the Rev. Urijah Thomas, of Bristol. Mrs. General Booth was a great admirer of Dr. Thomas, the father of our late friend, who was recognized as a man with a great intellect, and a powerful great preacher. The Rev. Urijah Thomas followed his father's footsteps. He took a deep interest, not only in our work at Bristol, but in the movement throughout the world.

UNITED STATES.

The Consul's Self-Denial tour is being attended with special success. A magnificent reception was accorded the Consul at Rochester and Duluth. Not less than two thousand people were turned from the doors of the Lyceum Theatre, necessitating an overflow meeting in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium. A magnificent new barracks was opened at DuBois.

AUSTRALASIA.

The great Australian Staff Councils, which have just concluded in Melbourne, by universal consent, are far ahead of any gatherings of the kind that have ever been held under the Southern Cross.

A great revival campaign has just been launched by the Commandant, to extend over a period of three months.

The officers and girls of the Red-dell's Creek Girls' Home have contributed the value of 45 bricks to the new Training Home. Truly an act of love and appreciation of the Army's work.

The missionary meeting and farewell to the Indian Boys, which took place in the Melbourne Town Hall, was an effective scene. A chorus of 400 Juniors took part in the demonstration.

The formation of an ambulance brigade, composed of officers of the Headquarters' Staff, is one of the latest departures. This brigade is accomplishing splendid work for God and humanity.

The erection of the Federal Training Garrison is proceeding with great rapidity. The stone-laying ceremony will not now take place until the opening of the building in July.

The old Prison-Gate Home, at Bul-larat, has been supplanted by the acquisition of a more commodious and better equipped building. The opening ceremony, conducted by Brigadier Kyle, passed off very successfully.

Capt. Susie French is the latest addition to the Headquarters Staff, and occupies the position of shorthand and typist to the Social Department.

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THE EMBEZZLEMENT OF FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS.

By A. M. N.

CHAPTER IX.

"No!"

What was there now worth living for to Henry Whitcliffe? Character gone, money gone, friends gone, and without work, or even hope of it, and with that accursed brand on his name—betrayed—what course would he pursue?

He hurried along Commercial Road, undisturbed by what he had seen, and dreading the sight of the police, shunning the light, and preferring the dark side and less crowded parts of the thoroughfare. He thought of the river. It was close by. A plunge, a brief struggle, or momentary pain, and his misery would end!

He thought of crime; but where was he to begin, and how? He must embezzle money again; but then, he had no situation, and who would give him a desk, with a reference from the Governor of one of Her Majesty's prisons? What if he were sent back to prison? Instead of seven, he would get fourteen years. The very thought of it made him shake with fear.

The hot fire of revenge would then burn in his breast, and, as he turned into Houndsditch once more, rushing for the last Richmond train, he felt as if it would be worth hanging for to put an end to the roguery of O'Brien and the crime of young Lovi.

After-Thoughts.

Wave after wave of emotion swept over him, and it is fortunate that he continued homeward, inasmuch as next morning he realized the bright side of his circumstances. Had he received, as he foolishly expected, the £1,550, would he not have been for ever in the grip of these knaves? And how could he have withstood their temptations to such and such?

What an escape! Henry Whitcliffe determined to seek an honest situation, and that morning Her Majesty's mails carried a score of letters to various firms offering his services. Without the slightest trouble he was successful, and it is to his credit that for nearly eight months he kept himself separate from his former vice, reported himself regularly to the police, and was, he fancied, on the high road to reformation and respectability. He was "discovered" by an old business companion, who threatened, unless Whitcliffe entered again into partnership with him in some pleasure, that he would inform the firm as to his relations to the law.

Stranded Again.

Whitcliffe immediately left the firm of his own accord, and sought and found employment in another part of London, only in time, however, to be again discovered and harassed by his old associate. In fact, he made use of his visits to him to steal articles of jewellery from Whitcliffe's lodgings, hoping thereby to entrap him, and knowing that if he did, Whitcliffe's violation of his ticket-of-leave would strongly prejudice the case against him.

Whitcliffe's heart was now sick of sin, and with this fresh revelation of the cold-blooded deceitfulness of his so-called friends, he determined to quit once more his partnership with him, and he was freed for ever from the cunning and ensnaring aims of his old confederates in wrong-doing. With that impulsiveness which was a too prominent feature of his character up to this time, he hurriedly dressed himself, literally rushed into the streets, and asked five first police-off-

cer for the locality of the Army's Home for ex-convicts.

A New Life Starts at the Cross.

The sequel may be told in a brief sentence. The evident sincerity of Whitcliffe deeply impressed the janitor of the Home. He received a hearty welcome, and within a few minutes of his arrival he was told in language that, while it was as strange as Hinda's to his ear, nevertheless, touched the springs of his poor, tortured nature. Burdened by a sense of his guilt, convinced of the hollowness of pleasure and the heartlessness of his gay companions, he fell on his knees, and, in faith, cried to his Maker to have mercy upon him for his past transgressions. By faith he trusted to Christ's redeeming mercy, and became in spirit as a child.

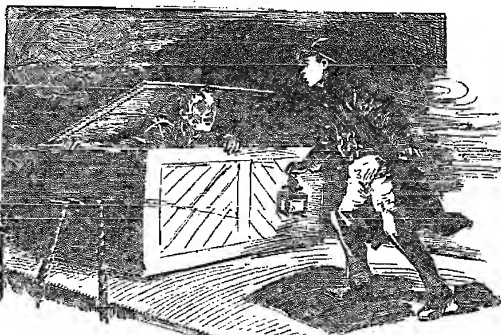
A Recognition.

Since then he has had many fights, and had to wade through a few seas of depression and discouragement, but perhaps the best indication of the true nature and courage that God has given the old embezzler, was supplied in an incident that occurred not many months

ago. In his capacity as a subordinate officer of the Home in which, he found a refuge, he had occasion to go out on some business near to King's Cross; he was in full uniform. Emerging from the Metropolitan Railway station, he was about to cross Gray's Inn Road, when a lady and gentleman in a high-class landau drove up to the station. Whitcliffe, with his red jersey and those words which are so precious to him, worked in yellow on his breast, was startled as he recognized the lady occupant of the landau to be none other than the woman who had so deliberately deceived him and led to his arrest and sentence. The recognition was mutual, and for a minute Whitcliffe did not know whether to pray for or curse the woman who had led to his downfall. In that not only an ever-present help in time of trial, but an unfailing source of strength to enable Whitcliffe to walk in the beauty of holiness.

"No!" cried Whitcliffe, "I can do without you and your gold; God has saved my soul!" With that he turned his back upon the temptress.

(THE END.)



"Say, pardner," said the apparition, "will ye pray for a feller?"

THE DYNAMIC QUARTETTE.

A Three Weeks' Campaign at Owen Sound—Cyclone of Salvation—Fifty Soul Mercy, Five for Holiness.

To say that, with the Dynamic Quartette at Owen Sound, we had a good time, is an easy way of putting it. 'Twas a marvelous manner in which the Holy Spirit's power operated upon the hearts of the people, bringing several out for salvation in almost every meeting held. Crowds came to the meetings and the finances were a lot. Adj. Ogilvie and Capt. Stephens and McCann, had been looking forward with great expectation to the visit of the Troupe, and with their faith at the top notch, nothing else could happen but a tremendous crash. Many came who had not been present at the S. A. meetings for years, backsliders were reclaimed, and many new converts promised to become soldiers.

Major Turner came over for the second week, giving us Saturday and Sunday meetings. A council for the Owen Sound District was held, at which Esigra Brant ally presided. After he had made a neat speech, Major gave a farewell talk. The Major expressed his regret at having to leave the Province, having become so attached to each officer, but, like a good soldier, he was ready to obey. On Saturday night a farewell address and presentation took place. On Sunday night the officers and soldiers spoke of the blessing received during their acquaintance with Major and

Mrs. Turner. One officer suggested that a row of penitents would gladden the Major's heart. Such was the result, for we rejoiced over a total of ten souls in the fountain. The singing of "God be with us" we meet again," with hands joined, brought the meeting to a close.

Just at this time Capt. Cornish received a message that a relative of his had passed away, and this sad news caused his absence from us for a few days.

On Monday night a Social and Musical was held, and a large crowd gathered. This was to be the last meeting of the troupe, but when the Major suggested that the Quartette should remain another week, the crowd arose to their feet to express their approval, so the meetings were continued, with greater crowds present, and many more souls converted.

An interesting feature on one of the Sunday nights, after the prayer meeting, was a solo and address given by our colored friend, "Father" Miller, of one of the churches here. Everyone was happy. Adj. Newman had a little joke with the above-mentioned brother.

The Dynamics came in contact with Esigra Perry, who gave us his "50 Degrees Below Zero." Everyone enjoyed the Klondike trip. We were glad to meet with the Esigra for the first time, and all gave him a hearty welcome to this domain.

For attendance, income, and souls saved, the Owen Sound campaign takes the lead. Upwards of 400 soldiers and converts were on the march. Nearly 2,400 people were

present at the meetings inside, giving almost \$50 collections; 50 cents forward for salvation, and five for the blessing.

Dick's Daily Tonic.

(To our frontispiece.)

Dick used to be a drunkard. He did not exactly reel round the street every day, nor lay in the gutter, but he could consume an enormous quantity of beer or whiskey and yet carry himself in a fairly straight line. Dick knew he was on his way to become a worse drunkard, and at last yielded to his wife's entreaties.

He would not sign the pledge, nor become a "temperance crank," but when he saw how the furniture became shabby, the wife's face grew care-worn, and the children's faces looked pale and pinched, he promised to leave the saloons alone, providing his wife would fetch him nearly three glasses of beer. And Dick faithfully stuck to his agreement for nearly a year.

Christmas was approaching. Dick was eating his meagre dinner at his work, and complained to his workmate, a Salvationist, how hard it was, with his present low wages, to buy fuel, and keep the family in clothing and decent food. He envied his mate, who had chicken sandwiches.

"Look here, Dick, you could have the same fare as I have. The money I used to spend in drink and tobacco is now sufficient to keep our house going since I got saved in the Army."

"Oh, that's all right," responded Dick, "but I have given up the saloons and cut myself down to three pints of beer a day; that is the only thing I have to keep up my strength. Then I can't give up my pipe; a smoke is necessary to keep a fellow contented on small wages and hard work. I can't have even a decent Christmas dinner at my home."

"Listen to me, Dick, while I work out a simple sum. Supposing we leave the tobacco out of the calculation the Salvationist pulled out a pencil and note-book, and after a few minutes' work read off the following:

"If you had saved the price of the three beers a day since last Christmas, you would have been able to buy, during the year, the following things—

- Six sacks of flour.
- Six sacks of potatoes.
- One sack of rolled wheat.
- One sack of oat meal.
- 25 lbs. of split peas.
- 25 lbs. of beans.
- 20 lbs. of butter.
- 24 doz. of eggs.
- 100 lbs. of sugar.
- 20 lbs. of tea.
- 10 lbs. of coffee.
- 15 chickens for sandwiches to take to lunch.

Then you would have enough money left to buy a turkey and plum pudding for a Christmas dinner, and give your wife a five-dollar bill to buy goods for a new dress."

"Go on, Bill, you are joking," incredulously cried Dick.

"Look over the sum yourself Dick." Dick looked long and earnestly. "You are right, Bill; you are right," he said at length. "I never considered it in this light, and by the help of God I'm going to give it up, and make home happier."

"We'd better pray, Dick. There's nothing like getting soundly saved to help one to get rid of the evil appetites."

And they prayed.

IMPORTANT TO FRIENDS OF THE WOMEN'S SOCIAL.

THE COMMISSIONER will deeply appreciate any gifts of new book, clothing, or suitable things for the libraries of the Women's Social. Parties should be addressed regarding any of the following homes:

- "The Franchising Home for Children," 66 Parley Ave., Toronto.
- "The Industrial Home," 406 Yonge St., Toronto.
- "The Working Women's Home," 24 Adelaide, Toronto.
- "The Hope" Rescue Home, Riverdale Ave., London, Ont.
- "The Household," 25 St. James St., St. John.
- "Liberty Hall," 24 St. Andrew St., Montreal, P.Q.
- "The Rescue," 200 Yonge St., Winnipeg, Man.
- "The Bridge," 24 Windsor St., Halifax, N.S.
- "The Anchorage," 80 Cook St., St. John, Ont.
- "The Salvation Home," 24 Bank St., Toronto, Ont.
- "Hope Hall," 202 Main St., Hamilton, Ont.
- "Hospice State House," 30 West Copper St., Buffalo, N.Y.
- "Liberty House," 20 Chamber St., Spokane, Wash., U.S.A.
- "Heaven Home," 1401 Perry St., Vancouver, B.C.
- "Beulah Hall," 1074 St. James St., St. Louis, Mo.

d not been seen there worked, and prayed, in 10:35 p.m. before the Cross; then we sang

BRITAIN.

t been the scene of a by the General. The unseasonable, resulting in a lack of revival flame, and one sons sought easing.

Booth, the Chief of st daughter, recently night's meeting at her the first time. Miss Corps-Cadet and an tional.

the Staff has just forty-fifth birthday, once join in wishing us returns of the day.

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lost a true friend in th of the Rev. Crisp trol. Mrs. General great admirer of Dr. her of our late friend, sized as a man with a . and a powerful Rev. Urijah Thomas urlier's footsteps. He erest, not only in our but in the movement world.

D STATES.

Self-Denial tour is be- th special needs. A reception was accorded Rochester and Dulois, two thousand people from the doors of the are, necessitating an re in the Y. M. C. A. ing in the Y. M. C. A. magnificent new lar- at DuBols.

TRALASIA.

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nd girls of the Red- lis House have con- e of 45 bricks to the Home. Truly an act- elation of the Army's

meeting and forewell one-laying ceremony a Town Hall, was an e chorus of 400 Jun- the demonstration.

of an ambulance bri- officers of the Head- is one of the latest a brigade is accomp- work for God and

the Federal Training ceeding with great one-laying ceremony place until the building in July.

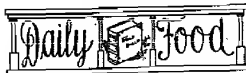
Gate House, at Bal- appointed by the ac- re commodious and building. The open- directed by Brigadier very successfully.

uch is the latest ad- dergarders Staff, and on of shortbread not al Department.



Safest Rest.

Our fretful, fickle hearts are always seeking for something solid and unchangeable. We need a resting-place, and we cannot find it in ourselves, in religion, especially, we must have some solid basis somewhere. Those who complain of any definiteness in religious thought and feeling are setting themselves against a real craving of our nature. We are wanderers, and we know we are, and we want the sense of security, of home. Many tired souls go to some church which speaks with the voice of certainty. Others go to some firm and steadfast body of truth. Christ invites us to come to Him, Who is the Truth, and Whose body is the Church. He abideth for ever, unchangeable, the same yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow. "Come unto Me and rest," He says. "Ye can lay your weary head down on His breast, and know that we are safe at home."



SUNDAY.—St. John xviii. 1-14.

And now comes the arrest of Jesus. It took place in Gethsemane, a garden whose owner was probably a friend of Jesus, and had given Him and His disciples the use of it. The traitor knew it as a place whither the Lord oftentimes resorted. To this familiar meeting-place, Jesus came, for the night became late, the noise of the approaching rabble of soldiers and priests' emissaries was heard by the little party, and the flash of their torches was seen through the olive trees. To this crowd Christ goes forth from the shade and the shelter of the garden, and offers Himself for arrest, only asking that His disciples may be permitted to go their way. Peter, who all through the afternoon and evening seems to have been quite out of touch with Christ, blunders once more, and has to be rebuked by his Master. No reader can fail to be impressed with the perfect voluntariness of Christ's surrender. To the last it was His meat, not to seek His own advantage and safety, but to do the Father's will. Yet there are professed disciples who are astonished when God thwarts their self-seeking schemes. The grace of God is offered to us, not to enable us more successfully and easily to live unto ourselves, but to inspire us to deny ourselves and follow Christ in willing surrender to the glorious will of God.

MONDAY.—St. John xviii. 15-27.

Peter's self-assertiveness reaches its climax of disaster and shame. As his own later experience shows, a strong nature, filled and controlled by the Spirit of Christ, can become a mighty power for God amongst men. But a strong nature out at adventure in its own will and wisdom, is sure to work mischief. In some cases the only cure seems to be the one administered to Peter: and the man who thinks himself so wise and loyal and capable is left to himself to discover, in bitter anguish and failure, that for him, as for all others, Christ's word is truth—"Without Me ye can do nothing."

TUESDAY.—St. John xviii. 28-40.

The high priest, from whose house Jesus is now taken, had already condemned Him to death (see Matt. xxvi. 66). But under the Roman rule the Jews had no power to inflict capital punishment. They therefore hasten to Pilate at the Pretorium, to get him

to confirm their decision and execute the sentence upon Christ. Pilate shrinks the task, and bids them deal with Christ according to their own law, and mete out to Him such punishment as was within their authority. But this would not have suited their evil purpose, and so they persevere. By being handed over to the Roman magistrate, it came about that Jesus was crucified, a form of capital punishment which the Jews never inflicted, even when they had the power; and thus the word of Jesus was fulfilled which He spoke, intimating that He would die by crucifixion (xii. 32-33). Amidst the wildest extravagances of human passion, God, with perfect ease, fulfils the counsel of His own will.

WEDNESDAY.—St. John xix. 1-16.

With wicked weakness, Pilate yielded to the clamours of the mob, and delivered Christ unto them to be killed. And so it came to pass that Jew and Gentile united to crucify the Lord of glory. "Him," said Peter to the Jews a few weeks later, "being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain." And in the sorrowful experiences of Christ's people there is often the same strange blending of gracious Sovereignty and human wickedness, both working towards an ultimate issue of glory and joy.

THURSDAY.—St. John xix. 17-30.

"The cry, 'It is finished,' was not the gasp of a worn-out life, but the shout of a man whose work was done, and all God's purpose accomplished (xviii. 3); that all had now been done that could be done to make God known to men, and to identify men with Him. The same sense of a great peace in the consciousness of having finished life's task was also experienced by St. Paul as death drew near: 'I have fought a good fight,' he exclaims, 'I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.' Happy Master! Happy servant! Oh, that we may so obey Him, this and all the days, that a like happiness may be ours!"

FRIDAY.—St. John xix. 31-42.

We are glad to find from verse 39 that poor, timid Nicodemus had not ceased to love and follow Christ. We have heard and seen little of him since he came by night to Christ "at the first" (John iii. 1-2). Now he comes out again, grandly for his Lord. In the intervening years many others had made a conspicuous profession for a time, but afterward fell away. This timid soul, however, found grace to endure. Yes, there are some of us, too, who are very slow to learn boldness for Jesus; but if we will only cleave to Him, into even our weak hearts He will breathe a heavenly courage, and give us our opportunity of faithful witness.

SATURDAY.—St. John xx. 1-18.

We are now to read of the bewildering surprises and delights of the resurrection. In the first moment of her joy Mary seems to have supposed that the old sweet fellowship of the past with Christ was about to be renewed on earth (verses 16-17). But no! Henceforth their fellowship should be with the Father and with His Son in the glories of the heavenly life. This same lesson we, too, have to learn. "If ye, then, be risen with Christ, seek these things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God." The only home for our hearts from which we shall never be evicted is the presence of the risen Lord. Let us settle down there.

OUR LOCALS.

The Treasurer of North Sydney on "Making Excuses."

In the 14th chapter of Luke, our Saviour tells us that a certain man made a great supper to which he invited many, and sent his servant at supper time to say to them, "Come, for all things are now ready." What did those persons who were invited? And they all with one accord began to make excuse.

This certain man represents God; the supper, salvation through Jesus Christ, with all its attendant blessings, and we are the people who are invited, and many of us have been making an excuse. At the present day excuses are made the same as ever, although different circumstances are brought forward, yet it all amounts to the putting off of your soul's salvation to a more convenient season.

A person coming to the S. A. barracks in the town on a Sunday afternoon or evening, would find the place almost crowded with young men and women, many of whom know perfectly well that the Salvation Army is their proper place, but who have not the moral courage to step out on God's precious promises. Now if those people only gave God their heart and couple themselves with the Army, what valiant soldiers they would make. If anyone speaks to them about their soul's salvation, the very first thing they do is, make an excuse.

When Will You Have Leisure?

"Friend, when do you think you will have any more leisure? Is it not like this that you will be just as busy ten years from hence, if you are living as you are now, or do you think you will have any more leisure? Supposing you will never have any more time at your disposal, what then?"

Another, if asked the same question, will say, "There is plenty of time." He does not say he has no leisure, but thinks it is not necessary to be in a hurry. Plenty of time? How do you know? How long are you going to live? Ten years? One year? One month? One day? Why do you not answer? You may be in good health now, but persons just as healthy as you have been hurried into eternity without a moment's warning.

Then again there are those, who admit they would like to be saved, and they intend to accept salvation some time, but then they want to enjoy this world's pleasures first. These people think that religion is all right for father, mother, sick people, and even Salvation Soldiers, but not for themselves while they can enjoy the world. Believe me, the devil is deceiving you when he tells you that you will lose all pleasure when you become religious. Instead of the real religion of Jesus Christ making a person sorrowful or sad, it is just the reverse. How can it be otherwise? God has said, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." If you mean by enjoyment, that you will have to give up sinful pleasures, of course you will have to do that; you cannot serve God and be on the devil's pay roll at the same time. Then there is another class of people, who say, "I would like to get saved, but I know I cannot hold that." I admit that many have gone back into sin after having been saved, as they had thought, accepted salvation, but then they had not given themselves up wholly to Christ. In many cases some secret sin has been cherished. I am fully persuaded that the great reason why so

many fall back, is that instead of using all the means that God has given them of growing in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, they depend too much for strength on their own exertions. Then again, perhaps Satan is placing before your mind your utter hopelessness. "I would like to get saved, but I'm too great a sinner. I sinned away my chance, and now I am lost." Did you say lost? Then here is a message for you, "The Son of man has come to seek and to save that which is lost."—Treasurer of North Sydney Corps.

THE GRAND CHART.

I.—THE MESSAGE OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

(Continued from War Cry March 30.)

Or, if we take another method of considering the message of the Old Testament, we shall arrive at the same result. Range before your vision all the hosts of the men of all the centuries, like a long chain of hills, stretching far back to the first man Adam—whom at once reveals certain men that stand out from among their fellows, their heads raised above them, capped with the pure snows, and catching first and keeping last the light of the sun. Adam, Abel, Enosh, Noah, Abraham, Moses, David, Elijah, and others, that space forbids our naming. What aures are there between these and their fellows? In every case the measure of their superiority is the measure of their understanding of, and obedience to, the will of God.

Adam erect, is so because he fulfils the purpose of God. Abel received, is so because he lives a life God-centred rather than self-centred. Enosh's distinction is revealed in his brief biography.

"Enosh Walked with God"

Noah, also, amid the most appalling corruption, believed God, and was saved in the works of obedience that grew out of his faith. Abraham became the father of the faithful because he went out not knowing whither he went, confident alone in the wisdom and righteousness of the word of God. Moses, having himself learned to wait for the guidance of God, gave the world a code of ethics which remain the foundation of morality to this day, because it was first written with the finger of God. David's memory is revered more for his harp than his crown, and that because, through it, he sang of the law of his God. Elijah stands still as the type of rough, magnificent character, because he was the messenger of law to an apostate age. These were all great, inasmuch as they abode in the will of God; and the things that smelt the conscience of each, were of the nature of disobedience or wandering from the divinely-marked pathway.

Thus, from the song of new-born earth to the fiery warning of Malachi, the Old Testament brings us face to face with the supreme subject.—J. Campbell Morgan.

The children, the boys, the girls, the youths and the maidens demand the personal, earnest, persistent efforts of every officer.—Commissioner Howard.

God's way for the salvation of the children is not that they are to be trained in sin and then converted, but that they are to be converted in being trained in His fear and grace.—The General.

Lieut.-C.

It is not a from Lieut.-Woman's she comes to be greeted by five listeners that the people in her in The new crowd on St come meet was not for nevertheless, interesting and acted as Mr. Capt. Bell, Lieut.-Colonel of a city, which is ent.

Sunday, at onel spoke o proved that vision, but hoped for the not, and for the bless

In spite of near by, the audience on Read took f to say the p but a mild Colonel was when she got a good stroke

At 7 p.m. the lery in all el out the l monny hearta found pence

Monday n Mayor Arbut was kept a vation. He e not being al Southall took his part adm The Lieut- hour, and to her speech She did exceed Major South and in a sh given for the tiennan giving Dr. Sudden word. He a the Rescue H free. He got on iding, and talk.

T. Greenwo thundante te He has alwa of the Army contributed The Rescu doing a mang is crowded, a strong m place.—(Bou)

MAJOR PICKER

Brigadier A.

The closing farewell to Frederick The P. O. v closest atten tive audien benediction with the gl soils and thi

It has bee P. O. and the early boms in the with a mult

Lient.-Col. Mrs. Read

* AT WINNIPEG

It is not often that we have a visit from Lient.-Colonel Mrs. Read, of the Women's Social Department, but when she comes to Winnipeg she is sure to be greeted by good crowds and attentive listeners, which speaks the fact that the people of the city are interested in her talks and in her work.

The new Citadel held a splendid crowd on Saturday night at the welcome meeting. The Lient.-Colonel was not feeling very well in body, nevertheless, she gave us a very interesting address. Major Southall acted as master of ceremonies, and Capt. Bell, who accompanies the Lient.-Colonel, and a few words, telling of a Rescue case in an Eastern city, which touched every heart present.

Sunday, at 11 a.m., the Lient.-Colonel spoke on "Faith." She clearly proved that faith is not mental conviction, but the substance of things hoped for. Major Southall drew in the net, and one soul came forward for the blessing of a clean heart.

In spite of other counter attractions near by, the Citadel held a splendid audience on Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Read took for her topic, "Hope," and to say the people were interested is but a mild expression. The Lient.-Colonel was very much exhausted when she got through, but she made a good stroke for the Kingdom.

At 7 p.m. the Citadel was filled, gallery and all. The Lient.-Colonel pointed out the love of the Trinity, and many hearts were melted. One soul found peace with God.

Monday night, "Social address," Major Arlthut was to preside, but was kept away over the railway agitation. He expressed his sorrow at not being able to be present. Major Southall took his place, and he did his part admirably.

The Lient.-Colonel spoke for one hour, and to give the readers in need of her speech is beyond my ability. She did exceptionally well.

Major Southall asked for donations, and in a short time about \$10 was given for the Rescue Work; one gentleman giving \$25.

Dr. Sueden was called upon for a word. He attests to the work of the Rescue Home, giving his services free. He got an enthusiastic applause on rising, and made a mark with his talk.

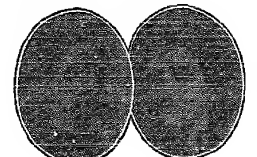
T. Greenwood, M.P.P., spoke in enthusiastic terms of the Army work. He has always been a strong admirer of the Army work, and has always contributed liberally towards it.

The Rescue Home in this city is doing a magnificent work; the place is crowded, and there is likely to be a strong agitation soon for a larger place. "Bonjour."

MAJOR PICKERING'S FINAL GOOD-BYE

Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp Caught On.

The closing meetings of the Major's farewell tour rank among the best. Frederickton eclipsed any former visit. The P. O. was listened to with the closest attention by large and appreciative audiences, and God gave His benediction to the series of meetings with the glorious result of thirteen souls and tip-top finances.



It has been one continual rush. The P. O. and staff left Frederickton on the early train; spent a couple of hours in the Provincial Office, dealing with a multiplicity of things, and then

boarded the cars with the Chancellor once more, to fill the Halifax appointment.

Some sixty officers met in council. The whole series of these gatherings were characterized by a whole-hearted acceptance of the principles of the Blood-and-Fire. While regretting the departure of the P. O., yet Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp were assured of right royal welcome from the Eastern Wing of the Maritime Provinces. It was a "spontaneous" affair from beginning to end, and will ever be remembered by its eternal results. Four souls knelt at the Mercy Seat.

St. John saw the closing of the farewell campaign, and right from the first sent to the last strains at the Union Depot, on Wednesday afternoon, the whole proceedings were marked with a spirit of devotion to the flag, which told of allegiance to the principles which are not affected by changes. The Major's valedictory address was a forceful deliverance, and his closing peroration was a splendid tribute to his successors; it made everyone present feel that his greatest joy in leaving those he had learned to love lay in the fact that they had allied themselves to principles that never change. With one unanimous voice the whole assembly declared that in sunshine or in storm, the officers and soldiers would stand by the incoming leaders (Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp).

The officers gathered in full force, with a good sprinkling of soldiers and friends, at the depot, to bid the Major farewell, and to get the first glimpses of the new P. O., who were to arrive on the west-bound train. A few words of affectionate farewell, and as the strains of "God be with you till we meet again," died away, the train pulled out. Major and Mrs. Pickering's command had closed, but their work will be felt for all time.

Loving messages were sent to Mrs. Pickering by the officers at Halifax and St. John councils. She will not be forgotten in our prayers.

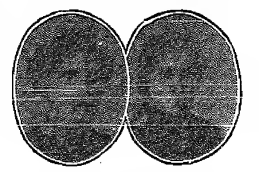
Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp have "caught on" right from the first. Their welcome has been a pronounced success.

ADIEU!

Brigadier and Mrs. Pugmire Say Good-Bye to the E. O. P.

By ONE WHO WAS THERE.

The farewell meetings of our beloved leaders have been memorable occasions to all who attended the same.



On Saturday night the French soldiers and friends showed their deep appreciation of the Brigadier's services by a farewell address, read by Professor Villard, in which the most tender feelings of love for him, and regret at his parting, were expressed. The Rev. Mr. Terrien also spoke of the blessing that the departing P. O. had been to numbers outside the ranks of the S. A.

The Brigadier, in a few well-chosen words, replied, then with heart and soul turned to the more important things, man's standing before his God. While dwelling upon the words, "Watched in the balance and found wanting," conviction fell upon the crowd and tears began to flow, and at the invitation, a young man (French) volunteered out for God, and got blessedly saved.

A farewell tea and officers' council had been arranged for Monday afternoon. All the city officers and a number from outside corps, were present. When the opportunity was given for

each to have a word, the officers expressed their deep sorrow at the Brigadier's departure. "Since he has come counsellor, and a brother." "We shall remember him for the spirit of comradeship, and heartfelt interest in us," were some of the expressions used.

Mrs. Pugmire, in a few far-off words, stated that although she had not been able to get around the Province as much as she would have liked, on account of having her little family to care for, and not having the best of health, yet she had grown to love the E. O. P., and was sorry to leave, but where God called she was prepared to follow.

We shall not soon forget the Brigadier's last soul-winning words of exhortation and advice, in which he urged us to be true, to uphold the honor of the flag, and to prove faithful to the Christ we had pledged ourselves to follow, until we should all meet again in the Morning.

Gen. was kindly provided by Mrs. Ensign Williams and Adj. Eilery, to which we all did ample justice.

At 8 p.m. a united farewell meeting was held in the No. 1 barracks, at which all the officers and soldiers of the city corps were present. A large number of farewell messages from the officers of the Province were received, but owing to the lack of time, only those from the District Officers could be read. The Chancellor, Staff Capt. Burditt, on behalf of the Staff and Field Officers of the Province, presented the Brigadiers with a beautiful, illuminated address.

Mrs. Pugmire told of some of the difficulties they had had to face, but how God had wonderfully brought them out more than conquerors. Mrs. Pugmire has endeavored herself to all with whom she has come in contact, more especially so in the city. We have fallen in love with her, and as she herself said, she had fallen in love with us, in fact she would not mind taking a little cottage and remaining here with us if it were possible. However, we trust she may come and see us again. There is a standing invitation for her to do so.

On Friday the Brigadier was greeted with a "God bless you" as he went since he came to this Province, and he has spared no effort to advance the cause of righteousness and push the old charter along. Although his health has not been the best at times, yet he has not considered himself, and as a result of his devoted service the work is rolling on with redoubled speed. We shall always remember him with deep love and esteem, and predict that in his new appointment as Territorial Spiritual Special, as in his labors among us, God will give him the desire of his heart in the salvation of many souls.

The city corps considerably surprised the Brigadier on his departure from the C. P. B. station, and so far as the policeman at the station gate was concerned, he looked dumfounded, as something over 100 Salvationists, with brass band, marched in on him and started to play, "God be with you till we meet again," followed by hand-shaking and expressions of sorrow at their loss. But "All aboard!" soon put a stop to it all, and the band struck up "Auld Lang Syne," as the train steamed out.

We are looking forward with pleasure to Major and Mrs. Turner's coming amongst us, and we are looking forward to continued victory. We shall stand by our new leaders to push the war.

After talking with a nagging woman it is a great relief to take a roll in a bed of stinging nettles.

Know that strength is yours in proportion to your progress, enough for each day, be it mental, physical or spiritual. Identify that there is a reward for every labor, rest after every task, and rise for every feintly developed. Your reward may not be what you expect; probably it will be much better. The power which comes from trying is more than worth the effort.—Adelaide Keen, in the April Ladies' Home Journal.

The Lindsay District.

Major Turner Bids Good-bye to the Lindsay Corps and Officers of the District.

The meetings in connection with the above visit have been, to say the least, most successful. On Saturday, the officers, and comrades from the surrounding corps commenced to arrive, each one bringing forward to seasons of rich blessings. At night the brass band of the Lindsay corps, which, by the way, has only lately been organized, did good service. The occasion was a real old-time, blood-and-fire affair, and was conducted by Capt. Rose, of Uxbridge. Major Turner soon joined us, and after unloading to the barracks, took the reins, and we had a real, hearty, glad-to-see-each-other time. The building was nicely filled, and we all felt that it was a beautiful commencement to the series of meetings.



Sunday morning, knee-drill. God came divinely near. We gathered to the number of about 20, and received a goodly portion of spiritual ammunition for the day's fight.

At 9:30 a.m., the writer was privileged to attend the J. S. Company meeting, which was well attended, and was beautiful in every respect.

At 11 a.m. we got another spiritual feast, "Barriers," was the subject chosen by the Major, and he handled it in a manner that brought all present to see their position in the sight of God.

The afternoon gathering was splendid. A well-filled hall, an expectant lot of officers and soldiers, made it a real enjoyable time. Music and song was a prominent part of the meeting. Capt. Rose read about the widow's son, of Nain, and in a most excellent way.

The night meeting, my, what a time! A most beautiful open-air meeting was followed by a regular red-hot salvation meeting, which was attended by a large and attentive audience. The Major was divinely upheld, and in a plain, but forcible, way expounded "The runaway family," and as a result of the united efforts of our salvation battalions, three young men surrendered to the claims of God. May they become valiant warriors of the Cross.

Next on the program was the Council for Field and Local Officers, at 2:30 p.m. on Monday, as an official good-bye to our beloved Major. After he had given us all some good, practical advice, having his remarks on St. Luke iv, 18, such one present had a few words of personal testimony and farewell. Then came the grand wind-up—a huge banquet and jubilee. The Peterboro brass band gave most valuable assistance. This meeting consisted of songs, drills, instrumental music, and so forth. An address from the officers of the District was read to the Major, and a final farewell given him in good Salvation Army style.

"God bless Major Turner," is the prayer of all who were present, and may success in the salvation of souls attend his efforts in his new command.—J. C., Capt.

It is not an accident that heavenly purity should mean human blessedness. It is in the very nature of things that it should be so.—The General.

You are never quite conscious of how many disagreeable lodgers there are in your "self" until anger or envy or hate knocks at the door—and presto! out come trooping such a lot of unhappy creatures—rascals and uncharitableness, and suspicion, and all unkindness, a perfect army of enemies to peace and happiness.—Helen Waterson Moody, in the April Ladies' Home Journal.

location, was shot at whole, the public dis-
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cautions are taken for
of the Czar's life.

Contingent of 900 men
African constabulary
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and coal miners are
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rk State Assembly has
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clk has again raised a
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ould gave a decision on
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tory, rich in iron, coal,
have been leased in
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British Syndicate.

Serial Newslets.

just seen a copy of the
Sheet for 1900, which
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an artistic blending of
ern, and does credit to
t. Those wishing to pre-
can do so by remitting
cents to Lieut.-Colonel
A. Temple, Toronto.

st sorrow we learn of
Mrs. Brigadier Gaskin's
was a great friend and
Army. Our sympathy
are with both the Tris-
a. Gaskin in this new

news from Brigadier
is forthcoming in New
raging. The Brigadier's
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of Spokane, has been
undergo another serious
though in a most critical
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hopeful. We shall pray
nt and for Mrs. Dodd.

Creighton has received
pointment in the Trade

the coming Self Denial
28th to June 1st. Pre-
ready well in and I.

of's Shelter attentions
completion. The chief
conduct the re-opening
tion therewith held a
meetings at Montreal

Creighton and Morris
d Newmarket, where a
series of meetings
among the four seekers
night's meeting was a
ntly returned from

the Central Prison on
was conducted by the
Thirty-six stood to
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of the Flanoid Staff
flected a very success-
Turkville on Wednes-
acks was well find-
ing under the command



(Continued from last week.)

II.—THE REQUEST ITSELF.

In my last week's article I dealt with the circum-
stances of the hour which called forth the re-
quest from our blessed Saviour, "Can ye not
watch with Me one hour?" To-day I want to
speak upon **THE REQUEST ITSELF.**



IRST, I would like to point out

IT WAS A PERSONAL ONE.

Through all the records given us
of Christ's life, we do not meet
with a parallel utterance. This was the only time
mentioned when He asked for any kind of assistance
for Himself. At the Well of Samaria it may be
thought that He made a personal demand, but this
is not so. When He asked of her who drew the
water there, to give Him to drink, it was a means
of illustrating to her poor, dark spirit the vast
difference between the water of earth and the
Water of Life, and not to appease His own thirst,
leaving on record an eternal lesson for all saviours
of men to carefully observe the far-reaching bene-
fits in the law of adaptation in the winning of
souls.

Christ adapted Himself to this woman's daily
work, and by this means wrung a heart-confession
from one of the most difficult classes of sinners.

But this request, "Watch with Me," was purely
in search of some help for Himself. Hitherto all
demands made, all questions asked, all sermons
given, all miracles wrought, all efforts exerted, and
even the tears He had shed, had been for the up-
lifting of others. The children, from His hand,
and received their blessing, the guilty their for-
giveness, the unrepentant their warning, the weary
their rest, the sick their healing, the troubled their
peace, the dead their life. But now He is about
to face this trial hour; He is going down alone
into the Shadow of the Valley; all the powers of
Darkness storm the forts of Love and Mercy in
His Saviour's heart, while keen anticipations of
the morrow's agony tear away at the tendrils of
the human soul, and He seeks that help which the
sympathetic watching of these three poor fish-
ermen can give. Does this not show that although
a life may be entirely consecrated to others, there
will be times when the human soul will rise in all
the power of its individuality, and assert its irre-
sistible and legitimate claims, and thirst, in its
frailty, for that peculiar assistance and help which
alone can come from a human heart? Hence we
need not be surprised or hurt if, when our tears
are falling, we naturally crave for a human hand
to wipe them; or if, when in travail for our Mas-
ter's cause, our pains are sharpest, we turn for a
human touch to soothe them, and yearn for some
spirit to watch whilst ours presses through the
agony.

Christ asked for this sympathy. It was
a stigma upon all mankind that He HAD
to. It is a fact too painful for our minds to dwell
upon, that there was no eye keen enough to detect
the opportunity for the only help which could alone
be of any service in such an hour. No hand stretch-
ed out in voluntary attempt to share the weight of
a too drawing blood-drops from One Who had
been stirred to His depth by a woman's single
tear. Yet so still it is; we are surrounded by those
who, in the blackness of a mid-night agony, look
through the darkness for some eye to watch, some
heart to care, some spirit to feel, and we in our
close-nightedness, and coldness, and condemnable
indifference, never perceive the need, although we
call ourselves followers of this same Gethsemane's
Christ and Calvary's Saviour.

SECONDLY, I SEE THIS REQUEST WAS MADE FROM MAN TO MAN.

THIS spontaneous impulse of a burdened heart
searched for its echoing response in the heart
of another. The sympathy of a multitude was
neither its demand nor its need. In the soul's



agony it is not sympathy in chorus that is craved,
but the single note of one understanding and pity-
ing heart.

Only five days back, amid a vast and unanimous
crowd, the voices of those sleeping disciples had
been lost in that outburst of enthusiastic joy
and welcome plaudits. They surpassed His ex-
pectations in their ringing cries, "Hosannah to the
Son of David! Blessed is He that cometh in the
name of the Lord!" But when it came down to
THE SERVICE TO BE GIVEN FROM MAN TO
MAN, they miserably, and deplorably, and irrepar-
ably failed. So we find where the crowd does not
fall short, or the one in the crowd does not disap-
point us, the one alone often does. In multitudes
of cases we discern that strong tendency to muster
all resources to render that particular service which
our vocation demands in all its dealing with the
many—the outpour of heart and nerve-energy from
public platform, or in pulpit, in open-air ring or
Sunday School class, tells of no restraint in the
expenditure of strength for God; but when it
comes to giving that consideration asked to meet
the need of a single man in one of the by-ways of
life, there is a shameful neglect of what may be,
according to Heaven's estimate, a more valuable
Such can serve a multitude, but not his brother.
They sing in the church, with great gusto,

"While Jesus' love through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless, mercy cries."

and object to the reclaiming of a backsliding fol-
lower, and give every reason why their name should
not be re-written on the members' list. They preach
and declare the love of Jesus blotting out the
transgressions of the whole world, and delight to
see the penitent form, or the communion rail, full
of those who have been the avowed enemies of God,
and in their own hearts there is not sufficient of
this Divine compassion to persuade them to be
reconciled to the one soul that has been at enmity
with them. They expound, with great eloquence,
the story of Christ's wonderful miracle performed
for the healing of the smitten heart of the widow
of Nain, but are strangely dumb as there passes
them in the doorway the swollen eye-lids, the pale
face, and the rounded shoulders of a frail form
clad in the mantle of a life's heaviest bereavement.
She bit her lip as the fresh tears started, but they
did not see it; they were not "watching."

Sympathy with the Individual

Oh, this sounding and seeming like a saint with
the NUMBER, and this acting like a heathen with
the ONE! Oh, this carrying the cross in public,
and this unwillingness to watch with the sufferer
in private! Oh, this pouring out of pity in the
abstract, and this brutal sleeping and indifference
in the particular! To whom le man to go for this
higher service which sympathy alone can give in
the struggle and bivouac of life, if not to his fel-
low? Is there not provided in the vast, measure-
less capacity of the human heart those touches of
indescribable consolation, those elements of in-
finite resources, those dear, tender, priceless foun-
tains of ten million love-droppings, which word is
often too rude, or too feeble, to voice, and which
discourse is often too pronounced to carry, but
which find the outlet of their sweetest waters in
the full channel of sympathy? It is only when man
fulfils his obligation to his brother he can fulfil his
duty to his God.



AGAIN, THIS REQUEST WAS HUMAN.

IT REVEALED CHRIST'S HUMANITY, as all
hours of trial and sore mental strain reveal ours.
A keen realization of the inherent feelings of our
human nature is no indication of an impoverished
soul, or a low state of grace. While the creative
energy of God is manifested in the stupendous
systems of earth and space, and His Omnipotence
is declared in the supreme government of worlds,
the Divinity of God can alone be spoken through
the human heart. And so Christ brought God into
man, and coming to save a wrecked race wrought
that exquisite intermingling of the finite and the
infinite—man and God—earth and Heaven, and by
the bruised and broken body of human sacrifice,
raised in Divine resurrection, bridged the gulf be-
tween a ruined world and its recovered glory. God
Himself had to become human to save a human
race, and while every would-be Saviour of man
must be in possession of all spiritual graces, it is
of equal importance that he should retain all the
manifest expressions of his humanity in order to
touch and save a human world.

I have heard people say, "I am too human." One
cannot be too human any more than too Divine—
that is, if our humanity is sanctified, giving us Divine
power to overcome natural weaknesses, and making
possible that glorious blending of God and man,
which constitutes the chief characteristic of a
Saviour. We must be careful to make a correct
discernment between our human nature ruled by
God, and our human nature without the governing,
purifying hand of God to give us the God-victory
over the ten thousand shrinkings of flesh and blood
expressed in the trial hour in the "Neverthe-
less, not My will, but Thine, be done,"
while leaving to us the intense humanity which pro-

ing creature, spoken in the "WILL NOT I ASSE-
Surely Jesus, in coming down from Heaven to
and earth, showed that that supposed righteou-
ness which shuts us up in a little heaven from it,
was useless to man and unacceptable to God. He
sent His only begotten Son to wade through its
deepest waters of miseries and pains, to be ac-
quainted with all its griefs, and save it from all
its wrongs. Yet I have known people—oh, yes,
many people—who assume such an exclusive con-
dition of saintliness that their man-like capacity
has fallen so far short of estimating and compre-
hending the demands of wronged and wounded
humanity, that they are absolutely useless upon
the steep of this up-hill world. I have seen more
of the characteristics of God in many a sinner than
the prints of Jesus in them. They are so impressed
with the scrupulous integrity of their own lives that
they are never so happy as when they are STRIK-
ING THE CONTRAST BETWEEN THEIR OWN
SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS AND THE UNRIGHT-
EHOUSNESS OF ANOTHER.

They cannot pity—they scold. They never need
advice—they instruct. They cannot understand—they
accuse. They cannot bless—they condemn.
They will not sit with publicans and sinners—they
sit with saints. No one ever comes fully up to their
idea of true Christianity. They are sparing in mercy,
and abundant in judgment. Their favorite portions
of the Bible are where the plagues bit, and stung,
and starved the Egyptians—where the fires burned
Sodom—where the earthquake swallowed Korah;
and their favorite texts, such as "The wicked shall
be turned into hell," and "Then will I laugh at
your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh."
Ah the impassioned out-pouring of God's compas-
sion and forbearance—His limitless mercy—His
measureless provision for every want of the human
and immortal soul are strangely overlooked by
them—indeed, they would be out of place in their
sharp-lined and compressed lips.

THE WAR CRY

I don't know exactly where such people stand,
but I know it is somewhere all out of reach of
(Continued on page 13.)

BATTLE BULLETINS

Bay Roberts.

Souls are coming home to Jesus. On Wednesday night Adjt. McLennan and Ensign Hilscock were with us, and we had a good meeting, with three precious souls rejoicing in the knowledge of sins forgiven. Come again, Adjutant, and bring Mrs. McLennan with you. —M. Noel, Ensign.

Bismarck.

We have had to close our meetings on account of the small-pox, but we are not disengaged in the fight, neither do we believe in sticking in the ruts. Our officers, Capt. Bunson and Lieut. Lenwick, and Corps-Cadet Johnson visited the caterpillar little mining town of Wilton, which is only a few months' old, but is already equipped with stores, hotel, elevator, livery barn, lumber yard, opera house, a splendid depot, a newspaper, and also boasts of being the youngest town in the United States to be lighted with electric lights. The two meetings held in the opera house were well attended, the people counting for miles around to attend the meetings. Much interest was manifested, and the audience showed their practical sympathy by contributing freely to the collection, which were A. T.—The Criterion.

Bonaville.

The Siege of the Lost is on here in full swing, many backsliders are being reclaimed, and some old-time soldiers are again taking their place in our ranks. Fifteen souls were saved, twenty-five sought the blessing of a clean heart, and eighteen were enrolled during the past two weeks.—A. B.

Bothwell.

We have just had a visit from Adjt. Connors. Saturday night we had a lovely open-air and inside meeting. Sunday's meetings were times of blessing. Crowds and finances were O. K. We have just started the A. S. work again, and are believing for a good time in the future.—Capt. Harman.

Brazoria.

We had a good day on Sunday, and at the close of the night meeting two dear young girls came and fell at the Master's feet, and found pardon.—Capt. S. E. Dales.

Bridgewater.

The Captain has been away to council and the Lieutenant led the meetings, assisted by Bro. Lamm. The crowds were small, owing to a free show being in town. The young man got saved Tuesday evening, and others are convicted.—Hepster.

Charlotte town.

We are pushing the war, and thank God for victory. One brother, for many years a backslider, was grandly converted this week. Bro. Hawley, who cannot be surpassed for hard work and interest in the Kingdom, has just finished giving the entertainment of drills and song service, which has enabled us to nearly clear the winter's coal bill. Sec. Ellis, another indefatigable worker, has met with a serious accident, and will be laid aside for many weeks to come. We ask the prayers of Christians for God's hand to be laid upon her. We need everyone in the fight.—M. Graham.

Canton.

Last Saturday we held a special meeting, entitled "The Salvation Army on Trial." The two drummers were handcuffed and taken to the barracks, where they were chained with being a nuisance. After much deliberation on their case they were set free, nothing being proved against them. Much evidence was given in favor of the good accomplished by the S. A. The Soul-Saving Troupe is coming this week, and we are anticipating a good time. Two souls have recently sought Christ.—Mrs. F. Brown.

Dartmouth.

We have had some special times in connection with the Siege. The backsliders' tea was a grand success. One dear brother, never before converted,

gave himself to God. Our "men's meeting" was one of the most profitable times we have ever had. The searching truths took hold of the consciences of those present, and four men stepped out boldly and courageously for God and the right. The reception meeting for the officers coming in to council was held here. Adjutants Dowell and Myers led off in an old-time free-and-easy. One of the worst storms we have had was raging, but in spite of all, everybody enjoyed themselves; and, best of all, God was with us. We are sorry, indeed, to lose our dear Major, but accept with all grace our new leader.

Dresden.

Though we have only been in Dresden a little over one week, we have had some blessed times. Sergeant Major Graham, with his wife and grandson, from Tennesseville, spent the week-end with us. We had large crowds, great interest and deep conviction.—Mrs. Captain Huntington.

Dundas.

We had a special meeting and social on Monday, led by Staff-Captain Stanton, assisted by Adjutant Desbrisay and Hamilton brass band. The barracks was filled, and everybody enjoyed the meeting.—F. J. H.



Capt. and Mrs. Lucas, Fernie, B. C.

Fenelon Falls.

The officers, soldiers and friends of the Fenelon Falls Corps drove to Bobcaygeon on Tuesday evening and held a rousing meeting. Although we saw no visible results, we believe the people were led to feel their need of salvation. They are anxious for us to come again. We are having victory. Another backslider returned on Sunday.—Christie.

Grand Forks.

The siege is going well, and we are in to reach every target. Last week Cadets McFarland and Bayston arrived at the garrison, and we welcomed the Ensign home after attending his brother's wedding. On Sunday one soul sought a clean heart in the holiness meeting. Captain Blodgett, who is on rest, assisted at night, and one soul sought salvation.—L. H.

Jamestown.

Last week three prodigals returned home. God's Spirit is working, and many are being brought under conviction. An interesting event took place recently, when Brother Chas. Vogt took unto himself a wife. May God bless them, and make them a power for good.—E. H.

Kemptville.

Since last report two wanderers have returned to the fold. We give God the glory, and march on conquering and to conquer.—L. Y.

Little Bay Island.

Quite a change has taken place here. God has been with us. Captain Bes-

ton is working hard, and the interest is increasing. We had a good time on Sunday. God's presence was felt, and at night one young man came out to the penitent-form. During the week nine more sought salvation.—E. R. Jones, Secretary.

Listowel.

We have just had a visit from the Soul-Saving Troupe, and many were turned from darkness into light. The Listowel soldiers mean to fight the devil every time. The Sergeant-Major is a real blood-and-fire soldier, and does a great deal to help the work.—A Friend.

London.

The meetings during the week were led by the Major and Staff-Captain, and a number sought salvation. Last night five souls knelt at the cross. Soldiers and friends are delighted to hear of Colonel and Mrs. Lums' coming visit to London.—C. S. M.

New Wharfedale.

On February 15th our P. O., Major Haggrave, was with us. We had a good meeting, the Major gave us a good talk, but we made no captures from the enemy. Since last report we have had nine out for holiness, seven for salvation, and three soldiers enrolled.—Sergeant-Major.

Sunday, and one soul came to Jesus.—Onlooker.

Roseland.

God is answering our prayers here. We have had glorious times during the Siege. The first Sunday two souls sought pardon at the foot of the Cross, and during the week one was reconciled. The second Sunday a backslider returned to the fold, and during the week two more were saved. Yesterday morning, at knee-drill, one who had been a backslider for fifteen years, found peace. The Junior work is going ahead. The first Sunday of the Siege we had an increase of two Juniors. The officers and Sergeants, while selling War Cry, do not forget to ask the children to come to Sunday School.—W. Wardell, A. S. S.M.

Simcoe.

A week of victory has just closed. The soldiers were out in full force and the barracks was nearly filled. The converts are coming along fine. Since last report twenty-two Juniors and three Seniors have given their hearts to Jesus.—B. G.

Snodhomish.

We are pleased to report two souls coming to Jesus, and many more under deep conviction. Sunday night we had one hundred and thirty in the hall, and a real good meeting. We are believing for a grand revival in Snodhomish.—Capt. Perrenoud.

St. George's.

Our special meeting on Thursday was grand. Everybody was pleased. Bro. Soon's solo, "Is it well with my soul?" was well rendered. Our string band gave us some good music, and the brass band was out in full force. We are going on to victory.—A Comrade.

St. Johnsbury.

Capt. Owen is bravely pushing the fight here. Last week public salvation meetings were held every night. They were attended by folk numbers, and the interest was good. Capt. Owen, with his lantern, did good work on a recent Saturday evening, and the following Sunday we had the largest number of people at the evening meeting that we have had for months. We shall be glad to see the Captain whenever he visits St. Johnsbury. We are sorry to learn that Capt. Owen must soon leave for another field of labor. Although his stay here has been short, he has made many friends by his earnest and cordial manner.—W. C. R.

St. John's I.

Everything seems to be on the up-bow here at No. 1. Adjt. McLennan has been around the Bay for the past week, and during his absence Capt. M. Jones held the fort. We had beautiful meetings, lots of souls, and good collections. We are sorry to part with our good Captain, who is about to leave us. God bless and prosper him.—Jessie Laidson.

St. John's II.

Souls have been saved nearly every night during the past week, and God's power has been wonderfully felt amongst the saved and unsaved. On Thursday about seventy officers were present at a farewell tea, it being the last tribute of respect we were able to pay our esteemed leaders, Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp. We shall never forget the counsel and advice we received from the Brigadier; his words inspired us on to greater victory and closer communion with God. On Saturday the three city corps united and marched to the wharf, where our beloved leader addressed the large concourse of people in a few well-chosen and heart-felt words, after which he took his departure to another part of the battlefield. On Sunday we besieged the strongholds of Satan, and ten precious souls came to the Cross, making a total of twenty-one for the week—sixteen for salvation, and five for sanctification.—S. French, Cadet.

Peterboro.

Saturday night and all day Sunday we had with us our new P. O's, Major and Mrs. Turner. Their visit was enjoyed by all, and we closed the week-end with four souls seeking the Saviour.—N. Smith, R.C.

Pilton.

We are having glorious times, blue souls at the mercy-seat last night, and four the Sunday previous. The soldiers are all on fire, and full of fight and faith. We are believing for a still greater smash.—Ensign Pugh.

Pitt's Island.

Through faith in God we shall have the victory. We have launched out in the siege with eleven souls in the fountain, and are believing for wonderful times, and a harvest of souls in the future.—S. Snow, Lieutenant.

Riverside.

Staff-Capt. Archibald, with a number of ex-prisoners, conducted a very successful Prison-Gate meeting at Riverside. The large audience was very much interested in what was said, and we believe much good was accomplished through the meeting. Major and Mrs. Turner farewelled on

Sturgeon Falls.

We have just had a visit from our new T. P. S., Ensign Perry. The magic lantern service, on Saturday night, was preceded by a torch-light procession, which created quite a sensation, and was the means of attracting a large crowd to the barracks. The service, entitled "50 degrees below zero," was much appreciated by all. On Sunday we had glorious meetings, and right throughout the day the presence of God was felt. In the afternoon six more of our comrades took their stand for God as soldiers under the flag. At the close we rejoiced to see seven kneeling at the feet of Jesus, three of whom were Juniors. At night the Ensign conducted the farewell of Capt. Felling, who, on account of sickness, has been compelled to go on furlough. May God bless her. One more soul knelt at the Mercy Seat.—Lieut. E. Meador.

Turro.

Last Thursday the meeting was led by our D. O., Adj. Evers. Captain Smith, from Springfield, and Capt. Armstrong, from Parrsboro. Four souls sought salvation. The meeting was a time of rejoicing. Capt. Andrews and Capt. Smith became so happy that they actually danced. It is helping us, and a little has been paid on the great debt that faced us on our arrival here.—Capt. E. Englund.

Uxbridge.

The powers of darkness are being defeated, and souls are being saved. Two more backsliders came home this week. Cadet-Lieut. Minnis.

Virden.

We are having quite a revival at a country appointment. The meetings are held in a school-house. This week we can report nine souls, and two for the blessing. Many more are under conviction.—Capt. F. H. Brown.

Westville.

We have recently had a visit from Adj. Dowell, Capt. Legdley, with his mandolin, and the New Glasgow corps. The meeting was led by Capt. Lecher, Ensign McDonald, and Capt. Lamont. The string and brass bands rendered good service. We had times of blessing and victory. Large crowds. One soul at the Cross, and another \$12 for the west end. Last week's carriages were the best for years. The Cry is all sold out. Victory!—Ensign and Mrs. Knight.

THE SIEGE IN WEST ONTARIO.

The Siege has been taken up with great enthusiasm in this Province, and every officer has got his force in good fighting trim. The Gospel guns and field pieces are well supplied with the proper ammunition, which takes sure effect. The sword with which each officer is equipped is doing good work. The enemy is very stubborn, having bolted and barricaded every gate, and strongly guarded every position of advantage; but reports just to hand bring the intelligence that the work of the Gospel gun has been very successful, and a breach has been made in sin's fortress. The enemy fled in all directions and

The City of "Man-Soot" is now Occupied

by the Prince of Peace. About one hundred such cities in different parts of the Province have been captured during the first week of the general Siege, and are now in possession of their rightful Lord. Some desperate fighting is now going on in the different divisions, and there are reports from each station of successful sorties under the noble leadership of the Corps-Commanders. As soon as we take possession the inhabitants take such a hatred for their old master, and such a love for the new One, that they immediately start to get others to come over to our side. For two weeks all our efforts are turned to the Junior work. Instructions have been given to all Corps-Commanders that they must capture every boy and girl they can lay hold of, and recruit for the Army of the Prince of Peace. We are believing that many shall be enrolled in this manner.—Major McMillan.

EVAPORATED EPISTLES

MISSOULA reports a service of song, a beam social, and good meetings throughout the week. Conviction is stamped on many faces, and they are believing for a mighty outpouring of God's Spirit.

FERNIE.—Six souls sought salvation during the week. A Band of Love demonstration was held, the proceeds of which amounted to \$13. This corps was delighted to have a visit from the P.O., Major Hargrave, and are asking for him to bring Mrs. Hargrave in the near future.

Life in London.

SELKIRK.—Adjutant Cass and Captain Smith have visited this corps. The Captain lectured on "Life in London." The Sunday's meetings led by the Adjutant were times of much blessing, and souls were convicted.

HARBOR GRACE.—Two souls have recently sought the Saviour, and one came for the blessing of a clean heart. The War Cry and Young Soldiers are sold out every week, and things in general are looking brighter.

DESEBONTO.—The correspondent here reports that they are not frozen yet. The Junior work is booming, and they had a good crowd at their J. S. social. The Irish Captain and her Lieutenant from Napanee paid them a visit.

VILL COVE.—The officers and soldiers are working very hard in the interests of souls. They have had an Army wedding, when Brother Noah Gosse and Sister Perry were united in marriage. The building was packed, over two hundred being present. Sunday's meetings resulted in one soul seeking salvation.

BOWMANVILLE.—The salvation war is going on here with Captain and Mrs. Howell in charge.

CLARK'S HARBOR.—The battle is raging. Six prisoners have been taken, and many more are wounded. The Siege is proving a great blessing to all.

Saved on His Death-bed.

THUNDERBOLT.—Officers recently visited a young man at St. Lawrence's Bay. They dealt with him about his soul, and he accepted Christ. Shortly after this he passed away. They also visited a sick woman, and found her ready for death. The meetings are good. War Cry is sold, and the comrades are doing their best for God and souls.

BARRE.—The weather was stormy at Brigadier Puzmir's farewell meeting here, but they had a good time. The attendance are increasing, crowds and finances getting better, and God's Spirit is working mightily upon the hearts of the unsaved. Two prodigals have returned to their Father's house since last report. Captain Poole, the T.F.S., has paid them a visit.

Twenty-six Souls.

ST. JOHN'S I.—Adj. McLean has a good hold of this corps, and everything is on the increase. Twenty-six souls for salvation, nine for a clean heart, and \$86.00 income for one week is splendid. The J. S. and Band of Love work is going ahead; the brass band is making good progress; converts are taking their stand as soldiers; and soldiers are becoming candidates. Will the comrades pray for Treasurer John Andosek, who is very low.

HERRING BECK.—Captain Downey still storms the forts of darkness here. They have had an enrolment since last report, and two souls seeking Christ.

SARNIA.—A good crowd turned out to a soup supper. After supper an interesting programme was rendered. Brother Patterson sang with telling effect "The last letter my mother wrote to me," accompanying himself on the guitar. Brothers L. and M. Parker's instrumental selections were enjoyed by all. Five souls have been saved, and the converts are doing well.

GOOSEBERRY ISLAND.—The Lieutenant reports the soldiers full of faith and fire, and the power of the living God coming down upon them. Eight souls have professed conversion.

AURORA.—Sinners are seeking the Saviour, and testifying of His saving and keeping power. Watch further reports.

Knee-Drill and Pie Social Successful.

NEWCASTLE.—Mrs. Captain Clark came over from Chatham to assist at a Pie Social, which was a great success. Knee-drills are coming up, and souls are being saved.

ST. JOHN'S I.—Captain Sheppard has faredwell, and Captain Hiseock is now in command of this corps. The soldiers are on fire for God and souls.

OTTAWA.—The spiritual fire is burning up the dross, and seventeen souls have sought Christ. The brass band and Band of Love are holding special meetings on Monday and Wednesday evenings during the Siege, instead of having practice as formerly.

GREAT FALLS.—Soldiers and converts are marching on to victory. The last meeting on Sunday was well attended, and the service was very impressive.

EXPLOITS.—Ensign Gosling, the D. O., accompanied by Lieutenant Reader, has visited this corps, and held a very interesting meeting. The first real Army Flag was presented to the corps.

PICTON.—At the memorial of Brother William Sturmy five precious souls knelt at the Cross. A good crowd attended Brigadier's and held a farewell meeting, and gave excellent aid as the Brigadier spoke on "One great question." Two desired our prayers, and one sought Christ.

In Quarantine.

MINOT.—The city is quarantined, and public meetings are prohibited, but our comrades are making the most of the open-air meetings. Twelve souls have sought salvation since our last report.

LISGAR ST.—Major Stewart gave us a helping hand on Sunday, also Sergeant-Major Cooper from Peterboro. Three souls knelt at the Cross. Brother Bennett and Sister Cook have been united in marriage. Major and Mrs. Turner, who were soldiers of this corps, have faredwell. Their comrades wish them God speed.

SPOKANE.—Six souls have cried for mercy. A Service of Song has been held, entitled, "Sowing the seed and reaping the whirlwind." It was a real service, and was well conducted by Mrs. Major Hargrave, who, with the Major, led the meeting. Mrs. Staff-Captain Taylor was present, and at the close two souls gave their hearts to God.

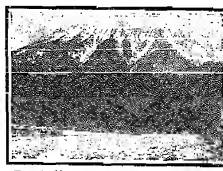
A Drunken Mother.

DEVIL'S LAKE.—Ensign Stalger's Lantern Service, "A Drunken Mother, or Drink's Curse," was enjoyed by all, and the proceeds amounted to \$16.50. A profitable pound meeting, and a song service entitled "Boer and Briton," have been held. One soul came to Jesus.

RICHMOND ST.—Lieutenant Colonel and Mrs. Margots spent the Sunday at this corps. Sister Crydman faredwell for Hantsville. Two backsliders have returned since last report.

BUTTE.—Two wanderers came back during Reconciliation Week. On Sunday night the first to come was the little daughter of Sergeant-Major Pearce. She was followed by a poor, drunken woman, and a man. Captain Haas, an old soldier of this corps, assisted in the meetings.

NORTH SYDNEY.—Major Pickering's farewell meeting was a time of power. Tears were seen all over the hall when the Major spoke on "A Soldier's Confession." He was accompanied by Adjutant Dowell and Captain Fleming, who made the meeting interesting with their music and song. Five souls sought salvation. While the officers were visiting, a poor, unhappy woman gave herself to God. Thirty souls were saved during one week recently, twenty-six of them being Juniors.



Fernie, Mountains and Elk River, B.C.

OUR HISTORY CLASS

II—THE ROMANS.

(CHAPTER XLIX.—Continued.)

ALARIC THE GOTH.

Alaric was driven back for a time, but there were swarms of Goths who were breaking in where the line of boundary had been left unguarded. A fierce heathen chief, named Uldagala, advanced with at least two hundred thousand men, as far as Florence, but was there beaten by the brave Stilicho, and was put to death, while the other prisoners were sold into slavery. But Stilicho was neither loved nor trusted by the Emperor or the people. Some abused him for not bringing back the gold, and others whom, they said, Rome had won; others said that he was no honest Christian, and all believed that he meant to make his son Emperor. When he married his son to a daughter of Arcadius, the people made sure that this was his purpose. Honorius, beset by the accusation, and his new favorite, Olympius, persuaded the army to give up Stilicho. He fled to a church, but was persuaded to come out of it, and was then put to death. And at that very time Alaric was crossing the Alps. There was no one to make any resistance. Honorius was at Ravenna, safe behind walls and marshes, and cared for nothing but his favorite poultry. Alaric encamped outside the walls of Rome, but he did not attempt to break in waiting till the Romans should be starved out. When they had come to terrible distress, they offered to ransom their city. He asked a monstrous sum, which they refused, telling him what hosts there were of them, and that he might yet find them dangerous. "The thicker the hay, the easier is mow," said the Goth. "What will you leave us then?" they asked. "Your lives," was the answer.

The ransom the wretched Romans agreed to pay was five thousand pounds of gold, and three thousand of silver, four thousand silk robes, three thousand pieces of scarlet cloth, and three thousand pounds of pepper. They stripped the roof of the temple in the capital, and melted down the images of the old gods to raise the sum, and Alaric drew on his men; but he came again the next year, blocked up Ostia, and starved them faster. This time he brought a man called Attalus, whom he ordered them to admit as Emperor, and they did so; but as the governor of Africa would send no corn while this man reigned, the people rose and drove him out of the city. The third time he brought Alaric down on them. The gates were opened to him at night, and he entered Rome on the 24th of August, 410, exactly eight hundred years after the sack of Rome by Brennus.

Alaric did not wish to ruin and destroy the grand old city, nor to massacre its inhabitants; but his Goths were thirsty for the spoil he had kept them from so long, and he gave them leave to plunder for six days, but not to kill, nor to do any harm to the churches. A set of wild, furious men could not, of course, be kept in by these orders, and terrible misfortunes befell many happy families; but the mischief done was much less than could have been expected, and the great churches of St. Peter and St. Paul were unhurt. One old lady named Marcia, a friend of St. Jerome, was beaten, to make her show where her treasures were; but when, at last, her tormentors came to believe that she had spent her all on church, they led her to the shelter of the church with her feet, even to the day of what she had undergone. After twelve days, however, Alaric drew off his forces, leaving Rome to shift for itself.

Alaric marched southward, the Goths plundering the villas of the Roman nobles on their way. At Cosa, in the extreme south, he fell ill of a fever, and died. His warriors turned on the stream of the River Brathene, and its course caused his grave to be dug in the bed of the torrent, and when his corpse had been laid there, they slew all the slaves who had done the work, so that none might be able to tell where lay the great Goth.

Ecce No

earth's poor, minister, who to a little, and became more frequent pillow, asked the man of death upon the th; the matter; too—far—off.

I say these of this boy, TOO FAR OFF, all beautiful off, nity regl orings and b the cause of corps, and a fine church a Christian's. This cold lamentation turning our wading trough and ad This saying, sleeping in, through while deploring the with holding

FERN

I was born in the year 18 in the Church story to say to liquor, and his example. of it by old companion ada. Instead however, I was always a liquor, and to ending my I God, things he I, I met the Sal of Winnipeg. with me, and was on AUG then I have a sufficient. No and the blessing to do this self up entire, and the sativa

I rejoice in sins, which v

thous I made I after failures fact that the r zood resolution souls in hell good resolution and happiness God's will. A to bring other which leads t

Drum- I was convy Winnipeg, and a soldier till I I felt from g miserable life. B. C. where meetings, and has again par

Ecce Homo; or, Behold the Man.

(Continued from page 12.)

earth's poor, traveling multitude. They are like the minister, who was reading a chapter from the Bible to a little, dying boy, and who, nettling the little lad became agitated, and turned his dying head the more frequently from side to side upon the hard pillow, asked, "What is the matter?" "Oh," answered the boy, with the film of death upon the eyes, and the matter of death on the lips, and the pavor of death upon the cheek, and the grip of death upon the throat, "I don't know exactly what is the matter; but I am dying, and I think you are too—far—off."

I say these words, voiced from the death-pillow of this boy, speak the lack of the church to-day: TOO FAR OFF. Songs, and prayers, and pulpits, all beautiful in themselves, but away in some far-off, airy region, out of reach of the ten million clankings and hungerings of the dying. It has been the cause of the wreck of many a Salvation Army corps, and the heart-break and stagnation of many a fine church, and the utter uselessness of many a Christian's life, this being "TOO FAR OFF." This cold looking-on from a distance! This loud lamentation upon the sorrows of the world, and turning our back upon the bent, bruised spirits waiting through them! This pointing of splendid truth and advice through a telephone apparatus! This saying what men should do, and do, and then sleeping in absolute ignorance of the death agony through which they pass to be and do it! This deploring the lack of Christian courage, and the with-holding from the one hour's watching with

those who tremble in the dread of the blood and bruise of a dark to-morrow! This cruel, heartless, unhuman, passing heedlessly by the garden of tears and distresses, when we should creep right into the enclosure and get down by the sufferer, and if only by silent watching give proof of our humanity, not cramped and crushed by our religion, but beautified—as only Christ can beautify man.

The Human Touch Needed.

Passing through the work-rooms of a glass manufactory, a visitor was especially interested in the careful moulding of the earthenware shapes in which the more fragile glass was to be fashioned. While throughout the factory there was an abundance of engineering and mechanical art, in this particular room the work was all done by hand. The visitor remarked on this to the man engaged on the task, asking why no tool was used in so important a work. The man replied, "There is no tool that can do this work; we have tried several, but somehow it needs the human touch."

And so it is with our work for Christ among the poor, the slaving, and the sad—there is so much which wants "THE HUMAN TOUCH." The hand of Omnipotence would have been too dazzling and glorious to wipe the falling tear, to heal the wound in suffering hearts, to place benedictions upon the children's heads, and to find the true notes amid the unstrung discords of wandering souls; and so God sent His Son to this world, that through a human hand, and heart, and voice, He might come in touch with earth's sorest sorrow and sharpest grief, as well as every phase of human disappointment, fault, and falling. Now, that visible Christ has gone to fulfil His work of redemption, and He

asks for such common hands as mine and yours to scatter the ten thousand blessings that only humanity, touched by Divinity, can bestow.

It is a very great mistake to leave to the Divine the duties of the human. God, in pity, often does, but it is not His intention to do, for a man what his comrade should do for him, and when you saw that sister weeping, or knew of the heavy blow which came down upon that brother, driving was through every chamber of his heart, or that trial through which that soul had to pass, raining disaster on business prospect, and grief on every window of the homestead, it was a monstrous cruelty to leave them to their knees and the throes of the anguish alone; and your neglect was as great as that of the sleeping apostles, BEING NEITHER HUMAN NOR DIVINE.

I have heard it oftentimes said, with reference to a soul struggling in the depths of a great temptation, "Leave them to God. He is always near." Yes, God is ever nearest when the storm is strongest, "when the rains are on the river the sun is on the hill," near by, and God will never fail. He was near His only begotten Son in this black, hell-embittered season, and the angel bearing strength as well, yet Jesus asked for the human sympathy of these poor fishermen, leaving upon eternal record the momentous importance of having our human sensibilities quickened by the love and touch of God, so that we may be awake to the demands of the human heart in order to reach and save the immortal soul. For we must not forget that it is only by playing our fingers upon the "harp of a thousand strings" we can re-tune its silver chords, and make it to echo with the harmonies of Heaven.

(To be continued.)

FERNIE BRAVES.

Secretary Newton.

I was born in Shropshire, England, in the year 1873, and was brought up in the Church of England. I am sorry to say my father was a slave to liquor, and as I grew up I followed his example. I tried hard to get rid of it by leaving home and old companions, and coming to Canada. Instead of improving my ways, however, I went further into sin. I was always craving for that cursed liquor, and tobacco, until I thought of ending my life. That glory be to God, things have changed since then. I met the Salvation Army in the city of Winnipeg. The Spirit of God strove with me, and I got converted. That was on August 23rd, 1897, and since then I have proved His grace to be sufficient. Now I am enjoying life and the blessing of God, and am living to do His will. I have given myself up entirely to the service of God and the salvation of souls.

P. S. M. Steele.

I rejoice in the knowledge that my sins, which were many, are all forgiven, and the past is behind the blood. I am thankful that God ever showed me my lost condition, and gave me the desire to come and seek this wonderful salvation. I came to the place where I saw the resolutions I made in my own strength were utter failures; there I woke to the fact that the road to hell is paved with good resolutions. I believe there are souls in hell to-day who depended on good resolutions to keep them. I find real happiness in serving and obeying God's will. My desire is to help and to bring others into the same path which leads to eternal life.

Drum-Sergt. Ed. Yerkes.

I was converted in the Army in Winnipeg, under Staff-Capt. Galt, was a soldier till the Spring of 1900, when I left from grace and lived a most miserable life. I then came to Fernie, B. C., where I again attended Army meetings, and there I found God. He has again pardoned all the past, and

I find great pleasure in doing His will. I am determined to do what I can to extend His Kingdom.

Ordery-Sergt. Nixon.

I was born and raised near the city of Ottawa, on the Aylmer road, and was a member of the Episcopal Church; came West about eighteen years ago, when I was only a boy, and lived on the prairies almost ever since, residing in Alberta. I have nothing great to tell of myself. I lived a careless life, as far as my spiritual needs were concerned, but in a little town I attended the S. A. meetings, and became deeply convicted of my sins. I became so miserable on account of them that I could not sleep at night. Then I asked God to help and deliver me from my past life, and He heard my cry, and broke the fetters that held me to the world. I am now rejoicing in the knowledge that my sins are under the blood. For two years I have been a soldier in the great S. A., and they have been the happiest days of my life.

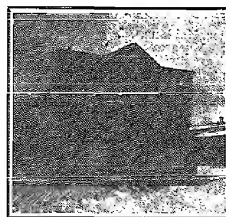
Color-Sergt. Wm Thomas.

I am glad I'm saved, glad that God ever showed me my lost state. I am also glad that when God called me, I came to the foot of the Cross. He gave me the witness that I was saved. Once I was a drunkard, swearer, and blasphemer, but I'm glad all evil desires have been taken away. Now my desire is to do the whole will of God, and I'm glad this experience can be for every drunkard and sinner who is willing to forsake their sins.

J.S.S.-M. Teeters.

I was born in 1873, brought up in a mining town until I was 15 years of age, when I ran away from home, landing first in the little town of Pittsburg, Tenn., where I, like many others, having no one to care for me, entered into vice and sin of every kind. I was trying to "enjoy myself" until drink and every other sin which is generally linked on to this kind of life, had me down. Friendsless, and almost useless, I made up my mind there was nothing in this life but trouble and disappointment. I started roving, and have found myself in many hard and trying circumstances. Many times, bad the law got hold of me and given me my just reward, I would have been behind the bars. I know the pay that is generally received for this so-called pleasure of the world—it is only bitterness and sorrow. While in a little town, called Roanoke, Tenn., about five years ago,

I made a resolution to live a better life. Shortly after this I left for the North-West, where I thought I would settle down, but I found the desires for drink and other things came upon me very strong. I tried to resist by joining a church, but not being right in my soul, I went under. On the 1st of July, 1898, I first saw the S. A. in the town of Lethbridge, and, of course, I had to see what they did, and every chance I had since. I have been one of joy and blessing. I praise His name He has taken away the desire for sin and that awful cup to which I was a slave. I know He will keep me and all others who put their trust in Him.



S. A. Baracks, Fernie, B.C.

London, Ont.,
October 4th, 1900.

Having been physician to the Salvation Army Rescue Home for some years, I wish to make a few statements regarding the admirable work done there in rescuing fallen girls, and in bringing up of the infants of such. It is marvelous the way the officers reform these girls and lift them up to a high level by their kindness and faithful teaching. When the girls leave the Home they are placed in good positions, and, to assure you how they appreciate the work done there, they always remain in touch with it by visiting the Home frequently. Thus they are still helped should they have any weak condition remaining. I might quote many cases of successfully reformed girls. This noble work should receive the hearty support of all.

S. Hutchins
M.D.

Hallelujah Wedding at Neepawa.

For some time large posters had been announcing a Hallelujah Wedding. A Salvation Army wedding invariably arouses an unusual amount of interest, and this one proved to be no disappointment in this respect. March 13th had been the date fixed announced, a very large crowd had gathered, filling the barracks to its utmost capacity, while many were unable to gain admission.

The meeting opened with a well-known song, played by the band, which was made up of visiting officers, while the instruments were kindly loaned by the Neepawa town band. After a good sing, everybody awaited the arrival of the wedding party. We had not long to wait. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed at their appearance, headed by Eusign Stalger, followed by Major Southall and the interested parties, Wm. S. Habbick and Sister Maud Campbell, who were supported by Capt. H. Habbick and Sister Hawkins. The Major immediately took the meeting, and everybody was soon in the best of spirits. After a song by Capt. Glover, a few short speeches were given. Among the speakers were Mrs. Habbick, mother of the bridegroom, who promised to be a good mother-in-law; next came Capt. Cromarty, who gave some good advice, especially to the young ladies; then a few words from Treas. Falls, who, while he rejoiced to see another man made happy, regretted that he had been left so long a bachelor. After a song by Captain Taylor and a duet by Eusign Habbick and Capt. Taylor, the lesson was read by Eusign Habbick, who, after a few words, proceeded to read the Articles of Marriage. Major Southall then called upon the party to stand forward. The "I wills" were said with no uncertain sound, when the Major pronounced our comrades man and wife. Everybody wished the newly-married couple a long and happy life, which was expressed by a hearty clap. After a few words from the bride and groom, the meeting was brought to a close.

Among the visiting officers were Adj. McRae, Eusigns Stalger and Habbick, Capt. Glover, Cromarty, H. Habbick, and Lieut. Oxenrieder. The Major also presented the new century colors to the Neepawa corps—Banjo.

A good and holy example lives for ever in the memory of a child.—The General.

OUR HUSTLERS HONOR ROLL

EASTERN PROVINCE.

91 Hustlers.

Lieut. White, Fredericton	226
Lieut. Long, Yarmouth	192
Mrs. Adit. Fraser, Halifax I.	146
Mrs. Adit. Dorell, New Glasgow	169
Capt. Brehaut, Hamilton, Ber.	159
Capt. Andrews, Truro	141
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, Glace Bay	138
Captain England, Truro	130
Ensign P. Knight, Westville	110
Sister Morrison, Sydney	80
Lieut. MacWilliams, Carleton	103
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, N. Sydney	100
Lieut. Taylor, Windsor	100
Sergt. Mrs. Sinters, Hamilton, Ber.	100
Cadet B. Duncan, New Glasgow	94
Sister Morrison, Sydney	80
Lieut. A. Murchough, Stellarton	75
Mrs. Capt. Clark, Chatham	75
Lieut. Chandler, Summerside	75
Lieut. McKie, Hampton	75
Lieut. Cecil Tatum, St. John V.	75
Sergt. H. Flood, Hamilton, Ber.	75
Capt. Lawes, Sydney	70
Capt. Winchester, Hamilton	70
Capt. Bowring, Campbellton	70
Lieut. Redmond, St. Stephen	70
Lieut. McKim, Liverpool	65
Capt. Hawbold, Sussex	65
H. Murphy, Dartmouth	65
Capt. Lendley, New Glasgow	65
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III.	65
Lieut. Reeves, Amherst	65
Lieut. Jones, Houlton	65
Jennie Parsons, New Glasgow	57
Capt. Forcey, Canning	55
Lieut. Amy Harding, Annapolis	52
Lieut. Annie Young, Woodstock	52
Capt. C. Allen, Woodstock	50
Capt. Taylor, Eastport	50
Capt. MacEachern, St. Stephen	50
Capt. Payne, Calais	50
Lieut. Leblanc, Calais	50
Sergt. Mrs. Pike, Calais	50
Capt. Armstrong, Parrsboro	50
Sergt. N. Smith, Spring Hill	50
Sergt. Murray, Sydney	50
Capt. J. Miller, Bridgewater	50
Sergt. Martin, Truro	46
Mrs. Hearty, Fredericton	45
Capt. Bell, Somerset, Ber.	45
Mary Selig, Halifax I.	44
Lieut. Truquart, Halifax I.	42
Lieut. McLeod, Somerset, Ber.	40
Mrs. Fraser, New Glasgow	40
Sergt. Mrs. Day, Hamilton, Ber.	40
Lizzie Newell, Dartmouth	38
P.S.M. Caslin, Halifax I.	38
Mrs. Young, Spring Hill	35
Sergt. Fairweather, St. John III.	35
Lieut. Macle, Sydney	35
Capt. T. Perry, Grand Manan	35
Capt. Clark, Chatham	35
Mrs. Capt. Bowring, Campbellton	34
P. Adams, St. John V.	34
Sergt. M. Chase, Fredericton	33
Lieut. Murray, Hamilton	32
Capt. Kirk, Clark's Harbor	32
Capt. Wilson, Bridgetown	30
Cadet McDonald, Bridgetown	30
Capt. Tilley, Liverpool	30
Mrs. Capt. Knight, Westville	30
Adit. Dowell, New Glasgow	29
Capt. Greenland, Amherst	30
C-Cadet Munard, N. Sydney	30
Sergt. Burns, Somerset, Ber.	30
C-Cadet Chislett, N. Sydney	30
Sergt. Mrs. Mallory, Hamilton, Ber.	32
Sergt. MacDowd, Dartmouth	27
Mrs. Louthier, Spring Hill	26
Mrs. Squires, Spring Hill	25
C-Cadet Marshall, St. John III.	25
Ensign Parsons, St. John III.	25
Candidate Trickett, Glace Bay	25
Sister Thompson, Moncton	25
Sister England, Chatham	25
Sister Mrs. Smith, Hamilton, Ber.	25
Lieut. Tiller, Clark's Harbor	21
Suele Holden, Windsor	21
Adit. Fraser, Halifax I.	21
Cand. H. White, New Glasgow	20
Jennie Rogers, Windsor	20

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

80 Hustlers.

Lieut. Kitchen, London	271
Lieut. Crawford, Brantford	257
Mrs. Rock, Chatham	210
Lieut. Knuckle, Woodstock	184
Lieut. Maisey, St. Thomas	153
Capt. Horwood, Windsor	110
Capt. Brangan, Leamington	105
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Stratford	100
Ena Crawford, Goderich	100
C-Lieut. Yeomans, Wingham	95
Ena. Hollet, Galt	86
Bro.	84

Cand. M. Stages, Wallaceburg	50
Capt. Mathers, Blenheim	89
C-Lieut. Erb, Galt	75
Capt. Williams, Woodstock	70
Capt. Haley, Sarnia	60
Capt. Carr, Petrolia	60
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgeway	65
Lieut. Cook, Sarnia	65
Capt. Hockin, Forest	64
Ensign Jarvis, Tilsonburg	60
Lieut. Winters, Wyoming	55
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	55
Capt. Jordison, Hespeler	55
Capt. Coe, Ingersoll	50
Lieut. Yeomans, Essex	50
Sergt. Palmer, London	50
Ensign Gamble, Guelph	50
Mrs. Richards, Guelph	50
Lieut. Craft, Guelph	49
Adit. McGilvray, Brantford	45
Lieut. Greenwood, Simcoe	45
Adit. Blackburn, Simcoe	45
Capt. Hancock, Palmerston	45
Capt. Heister, Clinton	45
Sergt. Britton, Stratford	44
Lieut. Crank, Paris	43
Lieut. Penney, Palmerston	41
Lieut. Butler, Stratford	41
Lieut. Keck, Windsor	40
Capt. Ringler, Listowel	40
Lieut. Stokals, Listowel	40
Captain Gibson, Norwich	40
Lieut. Pickle, Norwich	40
Sister Glover, Dresden	40
Mrs. Capt. Coy, Seaford	36
Lieut. Edwards, Ridgeway	35
Lieut. Smith, Ingersoll	35
Bro. McColl, Drayton	30
Ena. Howcroft, Stratford	30
Capt. Thompson, Theford	30
Sergt. Lamb, Stratford	30
Capt. Dowell, Stratford	30
Adit. Wakefield, London	29
Capt. Copeman, Paris	28
Lieut. Grombrie, Hespeler	27
Lieut. Plant, Watford	27
Ellis I. Christner, Petrolia	27
C-Cadet Crawford, Paris	27
Ensign Smith, Guelph	27
Ensign Harris, London	25
Ensign Hyde, Sarnia	25
Capt. Coy, Seaford	25
Mrs. Brockwell, Kingsville	25
Mrs. Bryson, Petrolia	25
Mrs. Blackwell, Petrolia	25
Lieut. Allen, Stratford	21
Mrs. Ensign Slote, Stratford	21
Sergt. Anderson, Watford	22
P.S.M. Virtue, Windsor	21
S.M. Graham, Thamesville	20
Sister Haldane, Watford	20
Mrs. Masgrove, Watford	20
Ensign Smith, Tilsonburg	20
Capt. Bonney, Drayton	20
Ena. Helman, Essex	20
Miriam Broadstreet, Stratford	20
Ensign Slote, Stratford	20
S.M. Kerswell, Stratford	20
Capt. Harman, Bothwell	20
Stanley Gammage, Chatham	20
Pearl Hardacre, Chatham	20
Bro. Christner, Dresden	20
Nelle Langley, St. Thomas	20
J. S.M. Hockin, St. Thomas	20
M. Benn, Wallaceburg	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

77 Hustlers.

Mrs. Ena. Fugh, Petlon	170
P.S.M. Barber, Burlington	170
P.S.M. Dudley, Ottawa	140
Capt. McNaney, Sherbrooke	115
P.S.M. Rice, Montreal I.	108
Adit. Moore, Kingston	100
Capt. Lang, Ganouque	97
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	90
Lieut. Hicks, Barre	87
Sergt. Wilkie, St. Johnsbury	85
Capt. Hickman, Pembroke	84
Ensign Verex, Newport	83
Capt. Burck, Cornwall	82
Capt. Woods, Cornwall	82
Lieut. Liddle, Perth	76
Mrs. Edwards, Ottawa	75
Capt. Green, Trenton	74
Adit. Kendall, Ottawa	73
Capt. Bloss, Ogdensburg	70
Mrs. Adjutant Moore, Kingston	70
C-Lieut. Waugh, Brockville	65
Sergt. Moores, Montreal I.	62
Capt. Wilson, Lippincott	60
Lieut. Croser, Port Hope	60
Capt. Carter, Belleville	60
Capt. Edwards, Deseronto	60
Sergt. Proctor, St. Johnsbury	60
S.M. Dine, Kingston	60
Mrs. Simmons, Kingston	60

Cand. Schermehorn, Campbellford	53
Sergt. Shaver, Montreal I.	52
C-Lieut. Rutledge, Prescott	52
Sergt. McCorkle, St. Albans	50
Adit. Donnelly, Cobourg	50
Sergt. Burke, Belleville	50
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	50
Mrs. Welch, Burlington	50
Capt. Slater, Amputer	47
Sister Colby, Peterboro	47
Capt. Crego, Cobourg	42
Sergt. Stone, Peterboro	40
Capt. Vance, Morrisburg	40
Lieut. Langley, Morrisburg	40
Capt. Newell, Kempsville	40
J. Morse, Newport	40
Mrs. King, Napanee	40
Adit. Kendall, Ottawa	38
Capt. Redburn, Millbrook	35
Mrs. Elliott, Napanee	35
Ensign Clark, Bloomfield	35
Barber, Kingston	35
Capt. Gammage, Sunbury	35
Capt. Welr, Prescott	32
Mrs. Kettle, Ottawa	32
Marcus Clark, Bloomfield	31
Capt. Randall, Odessa	30
Willie Williams, Montreal I.	30
Capt. Ash, Belleville	29
Capt. Norman, Quebec	29
Capt. Grose, Quebec	29
Capt. Crego, Campbellford	29
Capt. Dewitt, Picton	27
Adit. Babin, Peterboro	25
Lieut. Bushy, Kempsville	25
Mrs. Wheelock, Kingston	25
T. Mages, Watford	25
J. S.M. Russell, Millbrook	22
Cadet Butler, Peterboro	20
Capt. Brown, Montreal I.	20
Sergt. Vacour, Montreal I.	20
Sergt. Lewis, Montreal I.	20
Mrs. Dunlop, Trenton	20
Mrs. Gillan, Renfrew	20
Mrs. Hawley, Cloyne	20
Stephen Stanzell, Carleton Place	20

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

67 Hustlers.

Lieut. Currell, Hamilton	325
Capt. Hanna, Midland	95
Mable Bowman, Temple	84
Mable Gilbert, Temple	80
Ellis White, Barrie	70
Capt. Rennie, St. Catharines	67
C-Lieut. Wilson, St. Catharines	67
Ensign L. L. L.	60
Mrs. Stewart, Ligar St.	61
Cadet Dauberville, Lippincott St.	59
Ensign Hyde, Bracebridge	55
Sergt. Bowcock, Lippincott St.	53
Adit. Barrow, Barrie	50
Capt. Matthews, North Bay	50
Lieut. Bone, North Bay	50
Lieut. Walker, Riverside	50
Lieut. Porter, Riverside	50
Sergt. Mrs. Kane, St. Catharines	50
Adit. Barrow, Barrie	50
Slater L. Coy, Hamilton I.	49
Lieut. Porter, Dundas	47
Capt. Carwardine, Dundas	47
Ensign Brant, Chesley	45
Capt. Falcand, Newmarket	45
Lieut. Falcand, Newmarket	44
Sergt. Tuck, Ligar St.	44
Mrs. Capt. Howell, Bowmanville	44
Capt. Meeks, Barrie	40
Sergt. Golden, Lippincott St.	40
Capt. Bowers, Sudbury	40
Lieut. Reynolds, Sudbury	40
Capt. Stoffler, Riverside	40
Capt. McCann, Hamilton II.	37
Cadet Lt. Jago, Hamilton II.	37
Father Dixon, Temple	36
Ensign L. L. L.	32
Maud Slater, Penden Falls	30
Mrs. Medlock, Temple	30
Lieut. Griffith, Ahme Harbor	30
Capt. Liston, Richmond St.	30
Brother Smith, Sudbury	30
P.S.M. Tyler, Bowmanville	30
Capt. Marshall, Faversham	25
Capt. Clink, Huntsville	25
Capt. Bond, Huntsville	25
Sergt. Simpson, Ligar St.	25
C-Cadet McKearney, Riverside	25
Capt. LeCocq, Temple	25
Maud Harvey, Temple	25
Capt. Calvert, Brampton	22
Capt. McGregor, Brampton	22
Sergt. M. Campbell, Chesley	22
Cadet Owens, Temple	20
Sergt. Bradley, Temple	20
S.M. Bowers, Ligar St.	20
Sergt. Brown, Huntsville	20
Bro. Miller, Bracebridge	20
Bro. Calvert, Bracebridge	20
T. Boyer, Bracebridge	20
P.S.M. Small, St. Catharines	20
Lily Gage, Hamilton I.	20
Capt. Fawcett, Lippincott	20
Capt. Crego, Lippincott	20
Capt. Stephens, Fenelon Falls	20
Capt. Liddard, Fenelon Falls	20
P.S.M. T. Southwell, Richmond St.	20
Bro. Langridge, Richmond St.	20

NORTH WEST PROVINCE.

55 Hustlers.

Lieut. A. Cook, Jamestown	87
Sergt. D. Taylor, Winnipeg	85
Lieut. J. Cook, Rat Portage	81
Cadet Papstein, Winnipeg	78
Capt. Livingstone, Edmonton	76
Mrs. Ena. Hahlik, Grand Forks	70
Ensign M. Collett, Fargo	70
Lieut. A. Lawford, Fargo	67
Mrs. Capt. Gilliam, Regina	65
Lieut. D. Custer, Souris	60
Sister M. Lewis, Winnipeg	60
Capt. M. Wick, Prince Albert	55
Lieut. E. Gamble, Moorhead	55
Lieut. Potter, Grafton	54
Mrs. Capala White, Portage la Prairie	50
Adit. P. Dean, Brandon	50
Ena. A. Taylor, Calgary	50
Sister A. Pearce, Calgary	50
Mrs. Capt. Wilkins, Devil's Lake	48
Cadet McLara, Port Arthur	45
Lieut. E. Ouster, Fort William	44
Mrs. Adit. McAmund, Winnipeg	41
S.M. McRitchie, Devil's Lake	40
Capt. R. Taylor, Neepawa	40
Lieut. Dunster, Belkirk	40
Capt. E. Anderson, Minot	39
Lieut. B. Molier, Moorhead	36
Capt. McKay, Moorhead	35
Secretary Merbert, Emerson	35
S.M. Messer, Lethbridge	35
Lieut. A. Haugen, Medicine Hat	31
Capt. J. Ferguson, Port Arthur	30
Captain Smith, Medicine Hat	30
Capt. White, Portage la Prairie	30
Capt. Barrager, Lethbridge	29
Adit. A. Thomas, Lethbridge	30
Lieut. F. Price, Carman	28
Cadet Bentley, Grand Forks	28
Mrs. Capt. Cromarty, Carberry	27
Capt. M. Merbert, Emerson	27
Sergt. E. Chapman, Winnipeg	27
Sergt. M. Chapman, Winnipeg	23
C-Cadet Johanson, Bismarck	26
Capt. A. Pearce, Fort William	25
Captain Brown, Virden	25
Lieut. McKee, Lethbridge	24
Lieut. McKee, Lethbridge	24
Lieut. Oxnier, Minnedosa	22
Cadet Heddens, Grand Forks	21
Capt. H. Hahlik, Dauphin	20
Lieut. Lenwick, Bismarck	20
Lieut. W. Emerson, Lethbridge	20
Lieut. Nuttall, Minot	20
Treas. St. Johns, Minnedosa	20
Capt. D. Meyers, Rat Portage	20

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

44 Hustlers.

Sergt. Preston, Spokane	180
Mrs. McGill, Nelson	175
Capt. Durand, Billings	158
Mrs. Adit. Gale, Helena	125
Sergt. Glen, Butte	123
Mrs. Ena. Cummins, Victoria	124
Lieut. Owen, Revelstoke	91
Mrs. Capt. Brown, Livingston	81
Mrs. Adit. Lytle, Butte	75
Mrs. Hooker, Wallace (overage)	75
Ensign May, Everett	65
Lieut. Buck, New Whatcom	61
Mrs. Woodthorpe, Vancouver	60
Capt. Fisher, Missoula	60
Capt. M. Macdonald, New Whatcom	60
Capt. Walruth, Great Falls	55
Capt. Nesbitt, Great Falls	54
Carrie Bowles, Vancouver	54
Mrs. Capt. Jackson, Nanaimo	50
Capt. Scott, Lewiston	47
Mrs. Capt. Lacey, Fernie	45
Mrs. Torreyberry, Vancouver	43
Captain Galt, Lewiston	40
Capt. S. Dales, Bozeman	40
Treas. Mortimer, Victoria	40
Capt. Boyer, Dillon	40
Capt. Jackson, Nanaimo	40
Bro. Tom Whipple, Vancouver	35
Capt. Krell, Missoula	34
Lieut. Horder, Vancouver	33
Mrs. Routree, Everett	31
Lieut. Evans, Kallispell	30
Lieut. Smith, Kallispell	30
Capt. LeDrew, Spokane	30
Mrs. Nesbitt, Helena	30
Bro. Brooks, Spokane	25
Sergt. Jensen, Spokane	20
Lieut. Malesha, Spokane	20
Capt. Perrenoud, Snohomish	20
Secretary Newton, Fernie	20
Capt. Lacey, Fernie	20
Sister Hawkins, Great Falls	20
Mrs. Gassill, Vancouver	20
Mrs. Bergquist, Helena	20

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

31 Hustlers.

Sergt. J. Lidsten, St. John's I.	125
Sergt. Maj. Ebsary, St. John's I.	75
Mrs. Newman, Twillingate	50
P.S.M. Lidsten, St. John's II.	40
Sergt. Mackmore, St. John's III.	40
Sergt. Mackmore, Petty Island	39
Sergt. R. Foote, Grand Bank	35
Ensign Snow, Tilt Cove	30

Capt. Barry.
Sergt. Crane.
Capt. Wisem.
Cadet Butler.
Sergt. Mrs. H.
Sergt. E. G.H.
Sergt. H. Stro.
Cand. F. Whit.
Cand. S. Fren.
Cand. A. Pede.
Cand. H. Whit.
Sergt. Evans.
Sergt. Pitcher.
Sergt. Peckham.
Treasurer M.H.
Cand. F. Mayo.
Sergt. Ash, H.
Nitie Rose, G.
S.M. Bartlett.
Sergt. M. Blue.
Sergt. B. Andri.
Sgt. Mrs. Sewer.

THE

2

Captain Long.

Ensign Goodin.

WEST PROVINCE.

5 Hustlers.	
1. Jamestown.	57
2. Winnipeg.	58
3. Rat Portage.	58
4. Winnipeg.	58
5. Edenburg.	58
6. Grand Forks.	58
7. Fargo.	58
8. Fargo.	58
9. Regina.	58
10. Souris.	58
11. Winnipeg.	58
12. Prince Albert.	58
13. Moorhead.	58
14. Grafton.	58
15. White. Portage la	58
16. Brandon.	58
17. Calgary.	58
18. Calgary.	58
19. Regina.	58
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98. Regina.	58
99. Regina.	58
100. Regina.	58

SOUTHERN PROVINCE.

81 Hustlers.	
1. St. John's I.	125
2. St. John's I.	125
3. St. John's I.	125
4. St. John's I.	125
5. St. John's I.	125
6. St. John's I.	125
7. St. John's I.	125
8. St. John's I.	125
9. St. John's I.	125
10. St. John's I.	125
11. St. John's I.	125
12. St. John's I.	125
13. St. John's I.	125
14. St. John's I.	125
15. St. John's I.	125
16. St. John's I.	125
17. St. John's I.	125
18. St. John's I.	125
19. St. John's I.	125
20. St. John's I.	125
21. St. John's I.	125
22. St. John's I.	125
23. St. John's I.	125
24. St. John's I.	125
25. St. John's I.	125
26. St. John's I.	125
27. St. John's I.	125
28. St. John's I.	125
29. St. John's I.	125
30. St. John's I.	125
31. St. John's I.	125
32. St. John's I.	125
33. St. John's I.	125
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For Band of Love Workers.

THE AMBULANCE CLASS

CHAPTER X.

TREATMENT OF THE DROWNED.

RULE 1.—Proceed at once to employ means to restore breathing. Do not delay this in order to procure shelter, warmth, stimulants, etc.

RULE 2.—Remove all obstructions to breathing. Instantly loosen or cut apart all neck and waist bands; turn the patient on his face, with the head lower than the feet; stand astride the hips, with your face toward his head, and, locking your fingers together under his body, raise the body as high

Pressure on the breast-bone and abdomen by an assistant will aid this action.

Repeat the measures deliberately until spontaneous effort to breathe is perceived, immediately upon which cease to manipulate the movements of breathing, and proceed to induce circulation and warmth.

RULE 3.—To excite respiration.—During the employment of the above method excite the nostrils with snuff or smelling salts, or tickle the throat with a feather. Rub the chest and face briskly, and dash cold and hot water alternately upon the patient.

Do not be too soon discouraged. Remember that at any time within two hours your efforts may be successful.

RULE 4.—To induce circulation and warmth.—After breathing is commenced wrap the patient in warm blankets, and apply bottles of hot water, hot bricks, or anything to restore heat.

Warm the head nearly as fast as the body, lest convulsions should be induced. Rubbing the body with warm cloths, or with the hands, and slapping the fleshy parts may assist to restore warmth and breathing.

If the patient can swallow with safety give him hot coffee, tea, milk, or spirits. Allow the patient to have abundance of fresh air.

To Persons who Cannot Swim.

If you get into water beyond your depth do not plunge, struggle, nor throw up your hands and arms out of the water. "Tread water" in the erect position, by moving the feet up and down, at the same time slowly paddling with the hands, keeping them under water. If any person approaches to rescue you preserve your presence of mind and do not grasp him; do what he tells you. If any small object of support be thrown in your place it under your chest or arm-pits, and do not struggle to raise yourself out of the water; your head will not go under if you follow these directions; and you may keep your mouth open and use above water for breathing for assistance to arrive. By considering these directions carefully now, you will be less apt to lose your presence of mind should occasion arise for acting on them.



(Figure 1.)



The East Just Two Ahead of Arab—Mag
Maintains Her Supremacy Over Nig-
ger—Current Beats Her Own
Record—Kitcheners Second,
Crawford Third.

These are exciting times. The East saves her lead by two only, while East Ontario keeps still ahead of the Central. In the West the North-West goes eleven better than the Pacific. Newfoundland has 31 this week.

It will be interesting to watch the effects of the change. What will Newfoundland do under the new P. O.? Then the East is going to be supervised by a Shanty man. The two Ontario changes will doubtless affect the whole situation, and, altogether, there will be a pleasant time watching the Hustlers' fight.

The personal champion hustlers are well represented this week. Lieut. Currier holds the top with 325, beating her own record and holding on Nig-ger's reputation. Kitcheners (271), of the W. O. P., and Lieut. White (215), of the E. O. P., hold second and third places, so that the three Ontario Provincians are represented.

Others who have achieved specially big sales are Mrs. Rock, of Chatham (210); Lieut. Long, E. P. (182); Bro. Treiston, Spokane (180); Mrs. Adj. McGill (175); and Mrs. Adj. Frager (164).

Nothing More Squalid.

Everything is done by the soldiers themselves to make war seem a picturesque business. The uniform, the serried ranks, the glittering steel, the martial music, all help to quicken the blood of even the most timid, and hide from him the horrors of actual warfare. In fact, an army engaged in the work for which it was embodied and trained, undertakes the most shocking and anti-social task to which man can turn himself. Nothing can be more squalid, filthier, or inhuman than actual war, and to think that it should be the means of deciding disputes between civilized nations which are capable of producing jurists and publicists of the first rank! In this way, the real nature of the war would be laid before the public carrying it on, and something would be done to disabuse the minds of the young men and their parents of the idea that war is simply a kind of diversion, in the nature of a foot-ball game, which will elevate their character and improve their health and increase their business.—From World Wide.



(Figure 2.)

they meet above the head. (This for the purpose of drawing air into the lungs.)

Keep the arms in this position for two seconds, then turn them down and press them gently and firmly for two seconds against the sides of the chest, pressing at the same time on the breast and abdomen. (This is with the object of pressing air into the lungs.)



(Figure 3.)

Parents should have their children taught to swim. Many deaths may be thereby averted.

N. B.—In suffocation by smoke or any poisonous gas, as also in cases of hanging or choking, proceed in the same way as in drowning, seeing that no obstruction exists in the mouth or throat, but omitting the efforts to expel water, etc., from the lungs.

MISSING

to Parents, Relations and Friends
We search for missing persons in every part of the globe, and as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or any one in difficulty. Address: Correspondence, 100, St. John's Street, Toronto, and mark "Missing" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses.
Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

First Insertion.

RUSSELL, ARTHUR J. Age 25 years, height 5 ft. 11 in., light complexion, blue eyes. Left Minden, Ont., on the 6th of April, seven years ago. About three years ago his father received a letter from him, but nothing has been heard of him since. Father enquires.

CLOW, JOHN. Age 33 years, height 5 ft. 4 in., dark hair, brown eyes, fresh complexion. Laborer. Last address was Duncraft, Ont. He left his home about four years ago. Came over to Canada. His wife is anxious to know his whereabouts.

NEVISON, JOHN T. Age 16 years, light hair, fair complexion. Sent to a Home in Canada about three years ago, from the Middlesex Union. Sister enquires.

LISK, HENRY. Age 63 years, height 6 ft. 10 in., fair complexion, blue eyes, had dark hair (probably grey now). Trade, roofing houses. Formerly of Eekford, Michigan, last heard of at Fargo, N. D., and Duluth, Minnesota, 12 years ago. Sister enquires.

STREETLY, JESSE EDWARD THOMAS. Age 14 years, fair hair, fair complexion, was of Scotch and Irish descent. Was sent out to Canada through Dr. Barnardo's Home. Last address was c/o John Young, Rossmore, Manitoba.

ALLEN, JOHN. Age 26 years, height 5 ft. 9 in., black hair, blue eyes, dark complexion. Left his home, in England, last June. Last known to be in the employment of the Grand Trunk Railway, Canada.

TAYLOR, HUGH. Present age 26 years, height 5 ft. 10 in., brown hair, rather a long neck and has a mark on the side of it. He left his home in Brantley, for Canada, in March, 1890. Last heard of at Huntsville, Ont., where he was a soldier in the Salvation Army. Parents anxious of his whereabouts.

HUTCHES, JOSEPH. Age 28 years, height 6 ft., dark hair, fair complexion. Deserted his wife some six years ago, came to Canada, and is believed to be working on a farm.

PREPPER, FRANK. Age 30 years, height 5 ft., Auburn hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, birth-mark on his right hand. This man left England four years ago last July. Last known address was c/o W. Cook, Verdun, P. O., N. W. Canada. Last employer's address: Mr. Dugal, Claverell, Canada.

IRTA, WM. THOS. Age 30, height 5 ft. 4 in., complexion fair. Trade, miner. Left Copier Cliff, near Sudbury, about three years ago. Last heard of in February, 1900, from Seattle and Hartford, Wash., U. S. A. Went with the 1st Washington Volunteers, H. Company, to Philippine Islands. Parents enquire.

A woman cries ten times out of wounded vanity where she cries once out of really wounded feelings. And each one of the few times does her good. Let your wounded vanity snarl all that it will, for vanity is a kind of "proud flesh" of the human soul that has to be treated with sharp caustic every little while to keep it from becoming an excrescence that will disfigure the whole character.—April Ladies' Home Journal.



Jesus, the Mighty to Save.

By THE GENERAL.

Tunes.—Thou Shepherd of Israel (B.J. 170); The Cross now covers my sins (B.J. 89).

1 O Jesus, the Mighty to Save,
I seek Thy great mercy to prove;
To plunge 'neath the all-cleansing wave.

And rise to Thy fulness of love.
The unclouded light of Thy face,
Pour into my weak, fearful heart;
Oh, come, and Thyself fill the place,
And never, oh, never depart!

I come, precious Saviour, today.
Embracing Thy beautiful will;
Thy every word to obey,
Thy every wish to fulfil.
Oh, never, no, never to sin
Oh, never, no, never to doubt!
To always have peace dwell within,
And triumph o'er devils without.

O Jesus, I come to Thy feet.
For help in this glorious strife;
More courage—more faith I entreat,
To live the all-conquering life.
The burden of souls then I'll bear,
The cup of Thy sufferings drink,
And perishing crowds I shall dare
To rescue from hell's awful brink.

O Jesus, I hear Thy glad voice.
The Fire, now descending, I feel;
Thy Spirit has honored my choice.
In me Thou dost heaven reveal.
Once more all I have is Thine own;
By Thee shall my feet be ordained
With God I must win in the fight.

Not My Own.

2 "Not my own" but saved by Jesus,
Who redeemed me by His blood;
Gladly I accept the message,
I belong to Christ the Lord!

Chorus.

"Not my own!" Oh, not my own!
Jesus, I belong to Thee!
All I have, and all I hope for,
Time for all eternity!

"Not my own!" To Christ, my Saviour,
I, believing, trust my soul;
Everything to Him committed,
While eternal ages roll.

"Not my own!" My time, my talents,
Freely all to Christ I bring;
To be used in joyful service
For the glory of my King.

"Not my own!" The Lord accepts me,
One among the ransomed throng,
Who in heaven shall see His glory,
And to Jesus Christ belong.

Free From the Bondage.

Tune.—Free from the bondage.

3 I'm a happy soldier on my way to heaven;
Though in sin I've wandered, I'm forgiven;
When the Saviour saw me on the mountain cold,
He brought the wanderer to His fold.

Chorus.

Free from the bondage, free from the fear,
Crowned with salvation, heaven even here;
Shouting "Hallelujah!" as we march along,
Oh, come and join our happy throng.

Since I've joined the Army, battles I have seen,
Conflicts and temptations I've been in;
But the strength of Jesus daily to me given,
Has kept me on the way to heaven.

Oh, what peace and comfort does the hope afford,
Soon to be in heaven with the Lord;
There we'll shout for ever, all our trials o'er,
And sing upon a happier shore.

My Childhood's Prayer.

Tune.—He's the Lily of the Valley (B.J. 7).

4 There's a tender recollection, and it lingers with me yet,
From my memory it will never fade away.
Of the many scenes of childhood, there is one I'll never forget,
When I knelt at my dear mother's knee to pray.
I recall the scene with joy when I was a little boy,
In remembrance it will ever sacred be;
Many years have passed away, but it seems but yesterday,
When as a child I knelt at mother's knee.

Chorus.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
Pray the Lord my soul to keep,"
How that little prayer brings child-
"God bless papa, God bless mamma,
Make a real good boy of me."
That's the prayer I learned at mother's knee.

It's a token of affection, and to it I fondly cling,
That little prayer I ever will revere,
Of the happy days of childhood fond memories it does bring,
And the one I love so well—my mother dear.
Now, no matter where I roam I will love my dear old home,
But there's one thing that is dearer far to me,
And until my dying day it will never fade away,
That little prayer I learned at mother's knee.

Backslider's Song.

Tune.—Bringing in the sheaves.

5 From thy home and Father Thou hast strayed, backslider,
Turned thy back on Jesus,
And thy Saviour slain.
Though the sins are crimson,
All may be forgiven,
Start again for heaven,
Welcome home again.

Chorus.

Welcome home again,
Welcome home again,
By a loving Father,
Welcome home again.
(Repeat.)

O'er the past lamenting,
Now thy heart's relenting,
Of thy ways repenting,
Welcome home again,
Now thy steps retreating,
This grand chance embracing,
Welcome home again.

Grace to be a soldier,
Never getting colder,
Always getting bolder,
Welcome home again,
Earth and hell defying,
Calvary's colors flying,
Victory living, dying,
Welcome home again.

Boundless Love.

Tune.—Calling for the wanderer home (B.J. 30, F.S. 33).

6 Jesus stands, and knocks, and pleads,
Calling for the wanderer home;
And for sinners intercedes,
Calling for the wanderer home.

Chorus.

Boundless love, beyond degree,
Calling for the wanderer home;
Jesus longs to set you free,
Calling for the wanderer home.

As a lamb to slaughter led,
Calling for the wanderer home;
On the cross His blood was shed,
Calling for the wanderer home.

He has often called before,
Calling for the wanderer home;
Now He's waiting at the door,
Calling for the wanderer home.

Come, oh, come, while yet He stands,
Calling for the wanderer home;
Now He in love He spreads His hands,
Calling for the wanderer home.

Soon His mercy will be o'er,
Calling for the wanderer home;
Thou shalt hear His voice no more,
Calling for the wanderer home.

Salvation.

Tune.—Where do you journey (H.J. 233).

7 Oh, think of the claims of your Saviour, etc., etc.—See S. Music, 233.

Oh, think of the claims of your Saviour!
Oh, think of the path that He trod,
How weary He was and forsaken,
To bring guilty rebels to God.
And though far in sin you have wandered,
Left virtue and goodness and right;
Though talents you've wasted and squandered,
Yet Jesus can save you to-night.

Chorus.

Yes, Jesus can save you to-night,
Yes, Jesus can save you to-night,
Forsake the broad way of destruction,
For Jesus can save you to-night.

No matter what kind of transgressor,
No sinner's admitted on high;
Unless a salvation possessor,
No hope will you have when you die.
Give heed to the blest invitation,
And over-board cast self and pride,
For sinners of every nation
There's pardon with Christ crucified.

Peace Like a River.

Tune.—It is well with my soul (B.J. 343).

8 When peace like a river attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea-billows roll,
Whatever my lot Thou hast taught me to say,
"It is well, it is well with my soul."

Chorus.

It is well with my soul,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—
My sin—not in part, but the whole,
Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!

And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall appear,
"Even so"—it is well with my soul.
—H. G. Spafford.



COLONEL JACOBS

will visit

MONTREAL II, Sat., April 13.
MONTREAL I, Sun., Mon., and Tues., April 14, 15, 16.
KINGSTON, Sat., Sun., Mon., and Tues., April 27, 28, 29, 30.

Central Ontario Province.

MAJOR PICKERING and STAFF-CAPT. STANYON

will visit Lisgar St., Sun., April 14; Temple, Sun., April 21; Riversdale, Mon., April 22; Yorkville, Sun., April 23.

THE T. H. Q. STAFF BAND

will visit Lisgar St., Mon., April 15; Temple, Thurs., April 18.

Spiritual Specials.

THE RED-HOT REVIVALISTS,
BRIGADIER PUGMIRE and STAFF-CAPT. MANTON.

will visit Galt, April 18; Woodstock, April 19; St. Thomas, Sat., April 20, to Mon., April 23.

E. O. and Q. Province.

MAJOR TURNER

will visit Montreal II, Sat., April 13; Montreal I, Sun., and Mon., April 14, 15; Montreal IV, Tues., April 16; Montreal French Corps, Sun., April 21; Cornwall, Fri., April 26; Kingston, Sat., Sun., Mon., and Tues., April 27, 28, 29, 30; Napanee, Wed., May 1; Deseronto, Thurs., May 2; Belleville, Fri., May 3;leton, Sat. and Sun., May 4, 5; Port Hope, Mon., May 6.

Lantern Services of T.F. Specials

ENSIGN PERRY—Dovercourt, Sat. and Sun., April 13, 14; Riversdale, Mon., April 15; Yorkville, Tues., April 16; Aurora, Wed. and Thurs., April 17, 18; Newmarket, Fri., Sat., and Sun., April 19, 20, 21.

CAPT. POOLE—Peterboro, Sat. and Sun., April 13, 14; Campbellford, Mon. and Tues., April 15, 16; Belleville, Wed., April 17; Tweed, Thurs. and Fri., April 18, 19; Lakefield, Sat. and Sun., April 20, 21.

ENSIGN HODDINOTT—Ridgeway, Sat. and Sun., April 13, 14; Blenheim, Mon., April 15; Glenwood, Tues., April 16; Wheelley, Wed., April 17; Leamington, Thurs., April 18; Windsor, Fri., Sat., and Sun., April 19, 20, 21.

ENSIGN PARKER—Campbellton, Sat., Sun., and Mon., April 13, 14, 15; Newcastle, Tues., April 16; Chatham, Wed., April 17; Fredericton, Thurs. and Fri., April 18, 19; Woodstock, Sat. and Sun., April 20, 21.

ENSIGN ANDREWS—Nanaimo, Sat., Sun., and Mon., April 13, 14, 15; Revelstoke, Wed., April 17; Rossland, Fri., Sat., and Sun., April 19, 20, 21.

Second Edition, "Life of John Read."

This interesting biography has met with a warm reception by the public, and the entire first edition is sold out, and Mrs. Read has been requested to issue another edition. She says in the preface to the second edition: "It is with deepest gratitude that I respond to a request for a second edition of the 'Life of John Read.' The hundreds of grateful letters which have reached me have testified to the blessing that this humble record of a beautiful, true life has been. It has accomplished its purpose, and, hallowed afresh with many loving prayers, I beg to send forth this new edition on its mission, demonstrating how wonderfully God honors self-sacrificing, consecrated service." Order at once, as the second edition is limited.

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